

ROBERTSON A Song of Solomon

PARAPHRASE,

OR

Large explicatory POEM

UPON THE

Song of Solomon.

WHEREIN

The mutual Love of CHRIST and his CHURCH, contain'd in that Old-Testament Song, is imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and adapted to the Gospel-dispensation.

By the Reverend Mr. RALPH ERSKINE Minister of
the Gospel at *Dunfermline*.

EDINBURGH,

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P R E F A C E

To the *Curious* and the *Serious* Readers.

Curious Reader,

I Do not propose by the following Lines to satisfy your Curiosity, any further than by a plain Explication of this scriptural Song, in a Way adapted to the New-Testament Dispensation: And perhaps you'll be at no Loss, if you find the Equity of the Paraphrase, even where you miss the Elegancy of the Poem; or if you find any precious Truth to edify your Soul, tho' you should miss a pompous Embellishment to gratify your Fancy. If I had been of the Opinion that no Poem should see the Light, but such as has the Name of some great and famous Poet prefixt to it, and could reasonably expect the universal Applause of a learn'd Age, I would never have consented to the Publication of this, in a Day wherein the Art of Poesy is improven to such great Perfection by some, whose bright Genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical Productions in a very beautiful and splendid Dress. If I thought that nothing now cast into the Mould of Metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would have been quite discouraged from this Attempt: But to be of this Mind

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were

were in Effect to think, there could be no wholeſom Food but what is preſented in a lordly Diſh; no good Lodging in any Houſe, but ſuch as were built by ſome curious Mechanick or famous Architeſt; nor convenient Accommodation in any Room or Chamber, but ſuch as were finely painted, or hung around with very neat Arras. How few would there be to fight for their Country; if none were allow'd to do ſo, but mighty Heroes, great Champions, and ſuch as are Head and Shoulders higher than others? How many muſt go naked, if no Clothing were allow'd but Silk and Sattin, and rich Embroideries? It will be hard to perſwade the World that none ſhould write or make uſe of a Pen, but ſuch as can imitate the fineſt Copper plate; or that none ſhould open their Mouth to ſpeak above their Breath, but ſuch as can equal the fineſt Orator.

But tho' in this Eſſay I pretend not to act the Part of the lofty Poet, yet I have endeavour'd that what I hope is obvious to the Vulgar, and not above their View, may be at the ſame Time not nauſeous to the Polite, nor below their View, if they are ſuch as can lay aſide the ſullen Air of Criticiſm. Theſe to whom no plain ſerious Goſpel-truths can give any Satisfaction, and to whom nothing elſe but Flowers of Wit and Flights of Rhetorick can give Delight, do perhaps too much bewray their Ignorance of pious Pleaſures. The Soul may be miſerably hunger'd and ſtarv'd where the Fancy only is pleaſed and feaſted. And hence I look upon it as a moſt candid and ingenuous Acknowledgment of a famous and religious Poet, in the Preface to his

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To the Curious Reader.

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excellent Hymns and Spritual Songs, speaking of
some of them; "I confess myself (says he) to
"have been too oft tempted away from the more
"spiritual Designs I propos'd, by some gay and
"flowery Expressions that gratified the Fancy;
"the bright Images too oft prevail'd above the
"Fire of Divine Affection, and the Light ex-
"ceeded the Heat." Now, tho' I own that
the Defect of my poetical Talent might lead me
to an Acknowledgment of a quite other Nature,
being sensible how much every Paragraph here
despairs of giving much Delight to these of a
more refined Taste, and of pleasing the Fancy
with many bright Embellishments of Poetry;
yet the great Scarcity of these may have this
great Advantage, that here there are few such
beautiful Flowers or bright Images to tempt any
Man away from the spiritual Design, or so to
gratify the Fancy, as to prevail above the Fire of
Divine Affection that should burn in the Heart
with a Heat equal to the Light. Not that I am
disoblig'd with these gay and flowery Expressions
in this and other valuable Authors, whereby
they are so apt to be a Temptation to themselves
and their Readers, even in their spiritual Songs;
for I must confess they have been oft so tempting
and alluring to myself, that as I have frequently
both here and elsewhere essay'd to imitate them
by adopting some of their delicious Metaphors,
so I would certainly have run into the same Fault
if I had been endued with the same Genius:
Only I may infer from the foresaid Confession,
that Poems upon divine Subjects, which afford
not a Train of those gay Temptations that be-
witch the Fancy and divert the Imagination,
may

may upon this Account be (at least) not the less fitted for advancing spiritual Designs and Divine Affections.

I am not here to make any Apology for the Metre, tho' some may judge that in this Essay I have studied Rhyme as much as Poesy. I know that there may be good Musick and Measure without the Gingle of a Crambo; and that it is a great Weakness to humour the Sound, so as to darken the Sense. I own, my Difficulty never lay much in studying the Crambo, with the even Cadency; for these, if they be any Parts or Properties of Poesy, occurred natively enough, without much Thought: And perhaps it would have been a Fault to have slighted the Rhyme designedly in a Composure of this Sort, fitted for the religious Recreation of serious Christians; especially when I find the foremention'd eminent Poet (by whose Remarks, of which I had a little Specimen, perhaps the following Sheets had been better polished for the Publick, had his Circumstances allowed a more close and full Review thereof) in his Hymns, Page 194. by a marginal Note (I find him, I say) hoping, "the Reader will forgive the Neglect of
" Rhyme even in the 1st and 3d Lines of the
" *Stanza* throughout some following Pages;" Which supposes it may be a Fault (in his Opinion) not to humour the Metre in Essays of this Nature. But, if any think I have done it too much, all I can accuse myself of, is only that I did not neglect the Rhyme when Words favouring it appeared to me as apposite to the Purpose as others, and the low Genius afforded no better.

I am

To the Curious Reader.

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I am sorry for your Sake (*Curious Reader*) that precious Truth is here set before you in such a coarse *Garb*; but, if you attend to the *Matter*, it will (as I said) be no Loss to you, that you have not here many artful Embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred Truth can be set off in too comely a Dress, no more than I think that the Holy Bible can be printed in too fine a Type: But, if every Page and Passage thereof were illuminate or adorned with fine Cutts, I suppose this would do more Harm than Good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I have not seen any spiritual Poem upon the whole of this Divine Song, giving such a full Explication of every Part thereof as I have here essay'd; wishing at the same Time some happier Genius may carry on the same Design to greater Advantage, and paint forth this sacred Book in more lively, pure and spiritual Colours: But, till that appear, let this homely Essay suffice; and, if the Picture here be but just, you'll perhaps be much obliged to a Genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded Frame to divert your Eye from it.

But when you hear of the Spirituality and religious Design of this Poem, and that (as I may shew in the other Part of the Preface) the Subject thereof is not the *fair Circassian*, but the *fair Christian*, and his infinitely fairer Head and Husband Jesus Christ; tho' the Theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and consider'd, than all the wanton Sonnets in the World, however artfully trimm'd; yet I'm afraid this Subject be thought so jejune, insipid and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you
have

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have satisfied your Curiosity so far as to glance over a few Lines of this Book, you may throw it aside like an old Almanack, and soon give your Judgment *pro* or *con*; and this is all the poor Profit and Advantage you shall get by it, if you remain always more curious than serious. And, since I have done with you, I shall apply myself to these to whom this little Essay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.



Serious Reader,

THO' it is especially for your spiritual Edification and Comfort, I have essay'd in this Manner to explain and open up the Gospel that is contain'd in this sacred Song; yet I design not to say one Word to you in Commendation of this Poem upon it; nor does it deserve I should, if it cannot thro' the Blessing of God commend itself to your Heart and Experience. But if you are exercised unto Godliness, and acquainted with the sweet Life of Fellowship and Communion with our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope you shall here see a Picture and Representation both of his Heart towards you, and of your Heart towards him; and a Pourtraiture of the sweetest Experience of Intimacy with Heaven, that the Bride of Christ can have upon Earth. And I judge that a Song upon this Subject is not unreasonable amidst these evil Days, wherein the Songs of the Temple are like to be turned into Howlings, and wherein the Bride the Lamb's Wife is ready to hang her Harp upon the Willows

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How desirable were it, if this little Book might prove a Mean for helping her to sing away her Sorrows, and to harmonize with the Design of that precious Promise, *Hos. ii. 15. I will give her the Valley of Achor for a Door of Hope, and she shall sing there!* To drive away the Night of Trouble with Songs of Praise, would be a Work and Exercise most suitable to that gracious Name our Lord takes to himself, *Job xxxv. 10. God our Maker, who giveth Songs in the Night.*

We have a Divine Precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the Serious, *Eph. v. 18, 19. — Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your Heart to the Lord; And Col. iii. 16. Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.* And how we are to sing, we are further taught, not only by the Apostle's Example, *1 Cor. xiv. 15. I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also;* but likewise by an express Divine Appointment, *Psal. xlvii. 6, 7.* where the Command to sing is repeated five Times in a Breath, *Sing Praises to God, sing Praises: Sing Praises unto our King, sing Praises. Sing ye Praises with Understanding.* Now, this sacred Song of Solomon being very mysterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to sing it over with Understanding and Judgment, I have endeavoured

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deavoured to lay open the Myſteries and Metaphors thereof to your View.

I have deſignedly caſt the moſt Part of this Book into the Mould of common Metre; becauſe as it was intended eſpecially for the Uſe of ſerious Chriſtians in this Part of the Iſland, ſo, in caſe any of them ſhould ſee fit to make ſome of theſe Lines a Part of their ſpiritual and devout Recreation in ſecret, they might if they pleaſe ſing them over in any of the Tunes to which they are accuſtomed in our Scots Churches, where none but the common Tunes are uſed. Yet, leſt ſome in reading over this Book ſhould be too much tired and outwearied with the tedious Uniformity, I have put the 4th and 5th Chapters into the Form of long Metre. And in the whole I am ſo far from attempting to ſoar aloft above your Capacity, that, wherever I have been obliged to uſe any Words (ſuch as *proliſick, mellifluous, &c.*) which I reckon are not ſo obvious to the Underſtanding of the Vulgar, I have explained them upon the Margin, and hope it is but very ſeldom any ſuch Words occur to cloud and darken the Senſe to you.

I know that this ſacred Book of Scripture, wherein the ſweeteſt and nobleſt Inſtances of the Grace of Chriſt toward his Church and People are repreſented under the Figure of a conjugal State, has been greatly profaned by impure Writers, who have uſed or rather abuſed their poetical Art, to the gratifying of carnal Minds, and prostituting this holy divine Song to the moſt unholy Ends. I have therefore endeavoured in this Paraphraſe ſo to open the Import of every Metaphor, as to ſecure it from
being

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being perverted and abused to wanton Passions, which I hope shall find no Handle here by any Mode of Expression tending to divert the Mind from the Spirituality of the Theme. The Composition upon every Text here is such, as, I think, without great Violence done to it, can never be apply'd to any Lovers inferior to that glorious Bridegroom the Lamb of God, and the Bride the Lamb's Wife, as the Church is design'd, *Rev. xvi. 9.*

I thought it needless here in a prefatory Way to give you a Key for opening this Song, since it has been done so oft and so well already by others, and particularly *Durham's* Book upon which is so common among many Hands; I refer the Reader to his *Clavis Cantici* prefixt to that Book. Mr. *Henry* says, The best Key for opening this Book is the 45th Psalm, which we find apply'd to Christ in the New Testament. And it seems the more fit this Book be now opened in a Way suited to that Dispensation, since Christ is more frequently and clearly represented in the New Testament than in the Old, as the Bridegroom of his Church and People; for which I might multiply Instances, were it needful.

The Objections of Adversaries against the Divinity of this Book are but weak and trifling, while we are confirmed in the Faith of its Divine Extraction, and spiritual Application to the Marriage between Christ and his Church, by the ancient, constant and concurring Testimony both of the *Jewish* and *Christian* Church. And hence, tho' to carnal Minds, it is a Flower out of which they have extracted Poison; yet, to

these that are spiritual, it is *sweeter than the Honey and the Honey-comb*; insomuch that some have made it the Mark and Characteristick of a Saint, to find and experience the spiritual Relish and quickning Savour of this Part of Scripture.

Profane Wits, who ridicule this lofty Anthem as a carnal *Epithalamium* or Marriage-Song, seem to be at a *Nonplus* whether to apply it to Solomon's Marriage with the *Ægyptian* Princess, or a *Circassian* Dame; but they must be yet at a greater Loss, what to make of some Complements and Commendations given to Solomon's Bride, if they were to be properly (and not figuratively) understood. For, how monstrous and ridiculous were it to describe her as having *an Head like Carmel, Teeth like a Flock of Sheep, a Nose like the Tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus, and terrible like an Army with Banners!* &c. And, if Solomon's Chariot were to be understood properly and materially, of what Matter would they suppose it to be made, when the *Midst of it* is said to be *paved with Love*? Or, if Love be no material Thing, how shall it be a material Chariot? But this sacred Song is not the worse, because profane and wanton Wits abuse it, and endeavour to fasten their absurd and obscene Senses upon some Passages of it. It requires indeed, as Interpreters acknowledge, a sober and pious, not a foolish and lascivious Reader. It breathes forth the hottest Flames of Love between Christ and his People, and has in all Ages of the Church been most sweet, comfortable and useful to all that have read it with serious and spiritual Eyes. One of the Fathers (*Athanasius*) comparing
this

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this Song with other Scriptures of the Old Testament, says, It is like *John the Baptist* among the Prophets: Other Scriptures speak of Christ as coming, and afar off; this speaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near-hand: So familiar and present is he here represented both to the Faith and Sense of his People. *Zanchius* makes this Song a Compend and Copy of the spiritual Marriage with Christ. And another great Divine (*Bodinus* in *Eph.*) calls it *ipsius fidei & Religionis Christianæ medulla*, the very Marrow and Substance of Faith and Christianity itself. And therefore I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable Work or Service, to open up in a homely Poesy, sunk to the Level of vulgar Capacities, the great Gospel-Mysteries contain'd in this allegorical Scripture, and in a Strain suited to the New-Testament Dispensation.

This Essay (*serious Reader*) being the Fruit of some Study and Application only at Leisure-hours, is on this Account the Work of several Years; and tho' Occasions had allowed, yet the Nature of the Study, however pleasant in itself, was more severe both to Body and Mind, than to have allow'd a continued Progress in it without many Intermissions till it was finished. Some Parts of this Composure being therefore at some Years Distance from other Parts of it, it is possible some discerning and judicious Readers will observe that some of the Texts and Chapters are explain'd with more Life and Accuracy than others; which may be easily accounted for, by every one who knows that the Vein of Poesy and Frame of Spirit is subject to various Alterations, higher or lower, at different Times. The
greatest

greatest Defect I have here found myself to labour under, was with Reference especially to that Spirituality of Frame, Heavenliness of Mind, and close Communion with Christ; that an Essay to open this sacred Divine Song required; since in it the Believer's most intimate Fellowship with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under so many figurative Expressions. However it has been my earnest Desire sometimes, That *my Labour* in this *might not be in vain in the Lord*, but that it might contribute, thro' the Divine Blessing, to the Instruction, Edification and Comfort of the Lord's People, especially such as have little Access to read large Comments upon this sacred Song; and particularly those of the Congregation which I have so long had a special Concern in, and Relation to, and to whom I have but very seldom preached upon Texts in this Book of the *Song of Solomon*.

It must be own'd, there are great Depths in this allegorical Scripture, the *Letter* whereof kills these that rest in that, and look no further; but the *Spirit* thereof giveth Life, 2 Cor. iii. 6. *John* vi. 63. and that it requires great Pains and Caution to point out the Meaning of the Holy Ghost, in every Part of this poetical Book, and in applying the Figures and Similes therein to the several Graces and Virtues of the Bridegroom and the Bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private Thought or Imagination of mine own in the Interpretation of this notable Part of holy Scripture, without observing my View thereof to be agreeable with the Judgment of sound Commentators upon it. Tho' they could afford me little Help as to the Form, yet from them

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I willingly collected Materials. Nor did I venture to make a Paraphrase upon any one Verse here, till I had once consulted them, and was satisfied that I should not deviate from the Current of Orthodox Writers, their Judgment upon it, of which you have here a Sum. Tho' yet the Paraphrase is the longer, that I have not only enlarged most upon these Places that I reckoned were most emphatical, but also touched at the Connection of one Verse and Purpose with another, where I thought it was necessary for the Illustration of the Scope. Nor have I past over any one Verse, however more curtly treated than others, without giving some plain View of the Meaning and Import of it. And, if more seem to be said upon any Verse in this Song than is directly imported in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great Fault, if what is said be evidently deducible from it, or necessary for the further Explication of it, and for adapting this Paraphrase upon an Old-Testament Song to a New-Testament Dispensation. Besides, the Sense being cramped and contracted within the narrow Bounds of common Metre, has sometimes made the Repetition (tho' not of Words, yet) of Matter unavoidable: And tho' every Explication is but an amplified Circumlocution, yet I have used as few Repetitions as could consist with my Design of conveying a clear Idea of the Meaning.

I thought fit to set down the Scripture-text at large before the Paraphrase, partly that every one, even of these who would hardly be at the Pains to consult their Bibles, might have an Opportunity to compare the Text and the Paraphrase

phrase together; and partly that there might be
Occasion to mark upon the Margin some of the
different Readings that the original Text admits
of, which I endeavour also not to neglect in the
Paraphrase.

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A
PARAPHRASE,
 OR,
Explicatory POEM,
 UPON

The Song of Solomon.



CHAP. I. The Title.

Verse 1. *The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.*

(1.)

THE Choice of Anthems * exquisite,
 From *Sol'mon's* sacred Pen,
 Which doth to heav'nly Love excite
 The Souls of holy Men.

(2.)

Its Characters divine evince,
 And evidently clear,
 A wiser King, a greater Prince,
 Than *Solomon* is here.

C

Who

• Songs.

(3.)

Who from above did animate
And with celestial Flame
Inspire the Song, to equal *that*
Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

(4.)

This to the *Lamb's* fair Bride belongs,
To sound on all her Strings
With tuneful Harp, the Song of Songs
To Christ the King of Kings.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *Let him kiss me with the Kisses of his Mouth: For thy Love || is better than Wine.*

(1.)

Let him who in my Room and Place
Did act the kindest Part,
The God of Love, the Prince of Peace,
The Victor of my Heart,

(2.)

With sweet Indearments from above
Let him my Soul embrace;
To shew my Int'rest in his Love,
And manifest his Grace.

(3.)

With Blessings of thy Mouth divine
O may I favour'd be;
More precious is thy Love than Wine,
More sweet than Life to me.

(4.)

I was among the trait'rous Crew
Doom'd to eternal Fire,

When

|| Heb. *thy Loves.*

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When he, to pay the Ransom, flew
On Wings of strong Desire.

(5.)

Jesus the God, with naked Arms,
Hangs on a Cross and dies,
Then mounts the Throne, with mighty Charms
T' embrace me from the Skies.

(6.)

His Mouth delicious, Heav'n reveals;
His Kisses from above
Are Pardons, Promises, and Seals
Of everlasting Love.

Ver. 3. Because of the Savour of thy good Ointments, thy Name is as Ointment poured forth, therefore do the Virgins love thee.

(1.)

The Oil of Gladness and of Grace,
On thee pour'd largely forth,
Does spread around in ev'ry Place
Thy Savour and thy Worth.

(2.)

Like precious Oil diffus'd, thy Name
Along such Odour sends,
That hence from Virgin-Souls a Flame
Of holy Love ascends

(3.)

Thy Love to them, thus shed abroad,
So much inflames their Heart
With Love to thee ; that thou their God
Their Darling also art.

(4.)

O sav'ry Names! The Prophet Kind,
Anointed to instruct,

C 2

Who

A Paraphrase on

Who by his Counsel leads the Blind,
To Glory will conduct.

(5.)

Th' anointed *Priest*, by solemn Vow,
Did once for Sin atone :

The Blood, that was the Price, is now
The Plea before the Throne.

(6.)

Th' anointed *King*, to bear the Sway,
And dash the rebel Foes,

To make the feeble win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell oppose.

(7.)

Each Virgin-tongue with Pleasure sings
Thy lasting Honours, thus ;

“ Jesus our Prophet ever brings

“ The Light of Life to us.

(8.)

“ Jesus our *Priest* for ever lives

“ To plead for us above.

“ Jesus our *King* for ever gives

“ The Blessings of his Love.

Ver. 4. *Draw me, we will run after thee:—*

(1.)

No Strength to come to thee have I,

Yea, Lord, no Will to move ;

Till Pow'r divine my Bonds unty,

And draw with Cords of Love.

(2.)

O draw me, Jesus, by thy Grace,

Allure me by thy Charms ;

Then we will run to thine Embrace,

And flee into thine Arms.

My

the Song of Solomon.

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(3.)

My Zeal will other Souls excite
When I am drawn to thee;
With Virgin-Saints will Sinners meet,
And run along with me.

—— *The King hath brought me into his
Chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in
thee,*——

(1.)

The glorious King, whom I besought,
Anon my Cry did hear;
Me to his Presence-chamber brought,
And kindly drew me near.

(2.)

Then ev'ry Thing that did annoy
While I his Absence mourn'd,
So quickly vanish'd into Joy,
My Grief to Gladness turn'd.

(3.)

We'll now exult in thee, O King,
With holy Cheartfulness;
Our Hearts will joy, our Lips will sing,
Our Lives will Praise express.

—— *We will remember thy Love more than
Wine: The Upright love thee.*

(1.)

Our grateful Mem'ries will record
This matchless Love of thine,
And keep the Relish thereof, Lord,
Beyond the richest Wine.

(2.)

Tho' Fools abound, who nor Desire
Nor Pleasure fix on thee;

Yet

A Paraphrase on

Yet Wisdom's Children all conspire
To love and joy with me.

(3.)

Th' Upright without Deceit, that prove
Like Gold without Alloy,
Make thee the Object of their Love,
And Center of their Joy.

Ver. 5. *I am black, but comely, O ye Daughters
of Jerusalem, as the Tents of Kedar, as the
Curtains of Solomon.*

(1.)

Ye that Professors are at large,
Or that are weak in Grace,
Take no Offence at me, I charge,
Nor at my swarthy Face.

(2.)

Shun not to come and share with me
Both in my Love and Joy,
Because my Visage black ye see
With Sin and sore Annoy.

(3.)

Tho' in myself I'm black indeed,
And in my outward Lot;
Yet in my lovely, glorious Head
I'm fair without a Spot.

(4.)

Dusky like *Kedar*-Tents am I,
O ye of *Salem*'s Race;
But yet with *Sol'mon*'s Curtains vie
For Comeliness by Grace.

Ver. 6. *Look not upon me, because I am black,
because the Sun hath looked upon me: My
Mother's Children were angry with me,*

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Then

the Song of Solomon.

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(1.)

Then gaze not with disdainful Eyes
On me in Sable clad;
Nor slight my Beauty fair, that lies
Within the gloomy Shade.

(2.)

No Wonder I so black became,
If ye the Cause will note;
For fore Sun-burnt and scorch'd I am
With Persecution hot.

(3.)

False Brethren, that malignant Race,
My Mother's Sons untrue,
In Rage cast Dust upon my Face,
And sully'd all my Hew.

(4.)

They pour'd on me what open Shame
Their Malice could conceive;
With foul Reproaches stain'd my Name,
And us'd me like a Slave.

— *They made me the Keeper of the Vine-
yards, but mine own Vineyard have I not
kept.*

(1.)

They of their Vineyards, me the Drudge
Opprest with crushing Care:
Such servile Labours, ye may judge,
My Beauty much impair.

(2.)

Yea, while, alas! thus toil'd, I slept,
And Sloth my Watch remov'd,
I've not my proper Vineyard kept,
My Talents not improv'd.

But

(3.)

But tho' my Folly hath me marr'd,
 And wrought my own Distress;
 Yet be not at Religion scarr'd,
 Nor stumbled at my Bliss.

(4.)

For 'gainst myself I bear Record,
 That hence my Slav'ry flows:
 While I neglect to serve my Lord,
 I'm left to serve my Foes.

Ver. 7. *Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loveth,
 where thou feedest *, and where thou makest
 thy Flocks to rest at Noon: ———*

(1.)

When Sins and Suff'rings work my Grief,
 And both depresse me so,
 My Lord alone can give Relief;
 To him I therefore go.

(2.)

O thou the Darling of my Heart,
 My Soul's beloved One,
 Who *Isra'l's* kindly Shepherd art,
 Thy Paths to me make known.

(3.)

O shew me where thy Flocks are fed,
 Where dost thou cause them eat,
 And where thou giv'st 'em Rest and Shade
 At Noon, from scorching Heat.

(4.)

The Pasture's Fat, the Shelter vast,
 That does thy Sheep inclose;
 Fain would I feed in their Repast,
 And rest in their Repose.

* The Word is here active.

— *For why should I be as one that turneth
aside by the Flocks of thy Companions?*

(1.)

For why should I that am thy Bride

Be left to starve and stray,
Or seem as one that turns aside
To any crooked Way?

(2.)

All other Loves my Soul abhors,

Thy Rivals I disdain;

With Flocks of thy Competitors

Why should I wander then?

(3.)

I all thy feign'd Companions hate,

They are a Bane to me;

My Soul affects no other Mate,

No other Lord but thee.

(4.)

O if I knew thy fix'd Abode,

I'd lodge for ever there;

Where may I then enjoy my God?

O tell me, tell me where.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 8. *If thou know not, O thou fairest among
Women, go thy Way forth by the Footsteps
of the Flock, and feed thy Kids beside the
Shepherds Tents.*

(1.)

O thou my Bride, whom I esteem

The fairest of thy Race,

However black thy Form may seem

While Griefs do vail thy Grace;

D

Dost

(2.)

Dost thou not know, my lovely Bride,
 The Shadow of the Rock,
 Nor Pastures green where I abide
 And feed my little Flock?

(3.)

Come follow my directing Grace
 Which I afford to thee;
 I'll lead thee to the sweetest Place
 Of Fellowship with me:

(4.)

That hence thy Feet may never swerve,
 Nor fall in Snares and Wrack,
 The Footsteps of the Flock observe
 And follow thou the Track.

(5.)

See how they climb the Rock in Drovers
 To social Worship prone,
 And forthwith haunt retiring Groves
 To meet with me alone.

(6.)

Keep thou the beaten good old Path,
 Yet new and living Way,
 Which all my Saints have trod by Faith
 And Prayer Night and Day.

(7.)

Tho' none of their dislike'd Escapes
 Must be a Rule to thee,
 Yet follow them in all the Steps
 Wherein they follow me.

(8.)

And, while my Under shepherds Tents
 Are kept in good Repair,
 Attend them still for Heav'n presents
 My choicest Dainties there.

These

(9.)

These holy Ordinances are
The Pastures of my Grace:
There feast thyself, nor thence debar
Thy little tender Race.

(10.)

Bring Children, Servants, all thy Kids
Along to feed with thee;
Thy Lord all Comers welcome bids
In Offers full and free.

(11.)

Make all within thy Charge to haunt
These goodly Tents of mine;
For there my Feasts of Love I grant
To nourish thee and thine.

(12.)

Thus, that thy Feet no more appear
With other Flocks to roam,
In these my best Inclosures here
Stay, till I bring thee home.

Ver. 9. *I have compared thee †, O my Love,
to a Company of Horses in Pharaoh's Cha-
riots.*

(1.)

My Love, on whom the Stream unspent
Of my Affection flows,
Mine Ears have heard thy heavy Plaint
About thy haughty Foes:

(2.)

But they shall know to their Remorse,
Their War had better be
To fight with *Pharaoh's* Chariot-horse,
Than dare to fight with thee.

D 2

To

† Or made thee like to.

(3.)

To that well-harnest stately Rout
 I have thy Strength compar'd,
 Because my Armour round about
 Is thy defensive Guard.

(4.)

Thou mayst contemn the burnisht Spear
 When brandisht in the Field ;
 As warlike Horses laugh at Fear,
 And mock the glitt'ring Shield.

(5.)

This wing'd Aray more swiftly damps
 The Foes that thee defy,
 Than conqu'ring Chariots thro' the Camps
 On thund'ring Wheels that fly.

(6.)

Weak in thyself thou art, but well
 In me resides thy Might :
 Therefore the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell
 Need never thee affright.

*Ver. 10. Thy Cheeks are comely with Rows of
 Jewels, thy Neck with Chains of Gold.*

(1.)

My Love, I heard thee also mone
 Thy Beauty marr'd and spilt ;
 And stile thyself a lothsome one,
 Deform'd with Sin and Guilt.

(2.)

But as my Blood does counterpoise
 And all thy Guilt displace,
 So Jewel-graces, Golden-joys
 Do beautify thy Face.

(3.)

Each Vertue that thy Dress bespeaks
 Doth thee more richly deck

Than

the Song of Solomon.

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Than Rows of Gems adorn the Cheeks,
Or Chains of Gold the Neck.

(4.)

An Order just thy Graces do
Like ev'nly Rows maintain ;
By mutual close Connection too
They're link'd as in a Chain.

(5.)

Thou hast thy Royal Lord to thank,
That thee a Moor bethroth'd,
And then confirm to highest Rank
With Gold and Jewels cloth'd.

(6.)

To make thy Cheeks and Neck so fair,
Mine gave I to the Stroke ;
My Cheeks to them that pluckt the Hair,
My Neck to Justice-Block.

Ver. 11. *We will make || thee Borders of Gold,
with Studs of Silver.*

(1.)

Object not, saying, How shall I,
So weak, so black a Swain,
Such Beauties in the Divine Eye
Or furnish or maintain ?

(2.)

For with united Pow'r divine
We FATHER, SON and SP'RIT
Do stand engag'd thee to refine,
And make thy Form compleat.

(3.)

Keep thou no finite Pow'rs in View,
To grace and deck thee thus ;

Crea-

|| The Word used for making Man at first, *Gen, i. 6.*

A Paraphrase on
Creation-work, both old and new,
Belongs to none but US.

(4.)

WE'll make thee yet more radiant Gems
Of Grace, without thine Aid,
To fence thy Robe, like golden Hems
With Silver Studs inlaid.

(5.)

Thy growing Grace shall thrive and bear
A perfect Crop at length;
Yet by no Might within thy Sphere,
But OUR concurring Strength.

(6.)

Thy Gold and Silver Ornament
Must strong and lasting prove;
For lo, it is the pow'rful Vent
Of our eternal Love.

(7.)

Of old the good, the great THREE-ONE
Did jointly take thy Part,
Thy naked Soul WE thought upon
With Pity in OUR Heart.

(8.)

WE held a Council for thy Good,
Where I, without a Sob,
Did choose a Vesture dipt in Blood
To buy thy golden Robe.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 12. *While the King sitteth at his Table,
my Spikenard sendeth forth the Smell thereof.*

(1.)

Lo! Zion's King aray'd in State,
And Love his luring Vest,

Makes

the Song of Solomon.

Makes ample Grace his royal Treat,
And me his welcome Guest.

(2.)

When this his splendid Table-head
Is with his Presence crown'd,
My Graces then like Spikenard spread
Their grateful Odours round.

(3.)

With joyful Heart I smile and sing,
Each Grace doth rise and run,
As languid Plants revive and spring
In Presence of the Sun.

(4.)

If he withdraw, they fade and faint;
Their Vigour is restrain'd;
But, by his sweet Return, their Scent
and Savour is regain'd.

(5.)

While at his royal Feast he sits,
Such Verdure fresh is giv'n,
That ev'ry Sprig of Grace emits
A fragrant Smell of Heav'n.

(6.)

My glad Affections leap and dance,
When with a smiling Face
The King does spread and countenance
The Table of his Grace.

Ver. 13. *A Bundle of Myrrhe is my Welbelo-
ved unto me; he shall ly all Night betwixt
my Breasts.*

(1.)

No Wonder that my Spikenard smells
So sweetly when he comes;

His

A Paraphrase on
His Love, that casts the Scent, excells
The choicest of Perfumes.

(2.)

Faith, Love and Joy begin to stir,
And spread their Odours high,
When Jesus like a Bunch of Myrrhe
Does in my Bosom ly.

(3.)

From this infolded Bundle flies
His Savour all abroad:
Such complicated Sweetness lies
In my incarnate God.

(4.)

Abundant Vertue here I see
To ev'ry Case adapt;
The Fulness of a Deity
Is in the Bundle wrapt.

(5.)

Yea, in my welbeloved Lord
This Plenitude divine
Is for my Ule and Comfort stor'd;
For he himself is mine.

(6.)

And has he daing'd thus from above
To shew his glorious Charms?
I'll hold him fast by Faith and Love,
As in my folded Arms.

(7.)

My Heart and Bosom, where he rests,
No other Love shall know;
There he embrac'd shall ly, while lasts
The Night of Sin and Wo.

(8.)

This sweet Repose shall wear away
The Shadows of the Night,

Until

the Song of Solomon.

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Until the Dawning of the Day
Of everlasting Light.

Ver. 14. *My Beloved is unto me as a Cluster of
Camphire * in the Vineyards of En-gedi.*

(1.)

My best Belov'd, to whom the Wings
Of my Affections flee,
Is sweeter than the sweetest Things
Of Heav'n and Earth to me.

(2.)

In Vineyards fair of *En-gedi*
Are Camphire Clusters sweet :
How infinitely more is he,
In whom I am compleat ?

(3.)

When Sin and Wrath my Conscience press,
He standeth for my Good
A Cluster full of Righteousness,
And Wrath-appeasing Blood.

(4.)

Still fresh in View, I may design
His dying Love to me,
Like Myrrhe and Camphire sweet and fine
New bleeding from the Tree.

(5.)

By Faith I eat the Cluster prest,
And drink the Blood he spilt :
Of all Love banquets, here's the best,
Atonement for my Guilt.

(6.)

To me this bleeding Love of his
Shall ever precious be ;

E

What-

* *Copher*, the same Word that signifies an *Atonement*
or *Propitiation*.

Whatever he to others is,
He's All in all to me.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 15. *Behold, thou art fair, my Love; behold, thou art fair, thou hast Doves Eyes.*

(1.)

What! is thy Heart a Bed of Rest,
A Room reserv'd for me?
Behold, I come to be thy Guest,
And vent my Heart to thee.

(2.)

My Truth that can't the false Decoy
Of flatt'ring Lips approve,
Asserts, to elevate thy Joy,
Thou art my pleasant Love,

(3.)

Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair;
Twice, fair thou art, I say;
My Righteousness and Graces are
Thy double bright Aray.

(4.)

Tho' thou a spotted Leopard
And black thyself dost see;
Yet, as a Mark of my Regard,
I'll see no Spot in thee.

(5.)

When to a Dog of no Avail
Thou humbly dost compare
And call thyself a Mass of Hell,
Ev'n then I call thee fair.

(6.)

But since thy Faith can hardly own
My Beauty put on thee;

the Song of Solomon.

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Behold! Behold! twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me.

(7.)

I see the Beauty of the Dove
Within thy Soul that lyes ;
Affections there exactly move
Like Turtles charming Eyes.

(8.)

So modest, humble, pure and chaste,
And faithful to their Mate,
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my Rivals hate.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. *Behold, thou art fair, my Beloved,
yea, pleasant :—*

(1.)

What Wonders, Lord, dost thou perform,
That stoopest thus so low,
To put thy Beauty on a Worm,
And then commend it so?

(2.)

What! dost thou praise a native Black?
I blush to find it true:
O lend me Words to render back
The Praise to whom 'tis due.

(3.)

Lo! my Beloved, THOU, ev'n THOU
Art infinitely fair ;
Yea, altogether pleasant too,
And sweet beyond Compare.

(4.)

All divine Comeliness in thee
Most gloriously does shine ;

E 2.

What

What Beauty thou commend'st in me,
Is but the Shade of thine.

(5.)

Dost thou applaud the little Stream
That from thy Fulness rose?
How highly then should I esteem
The Fountain whence it flows!

(6.)

How shall I thee extol, my God?
It shames me to be mute,
When thou exalts a lothsom Clod
Wrapt in a borrow'd Suit.

(7.)

But who, alas! can Words invent
To magnify thy Grace?
Seraphic Pensils cannot paint
The Beauties of thy Face.

(8.)

May my delighted Eye still gaze
On charming Pleasures here;
And what I cannot loudly praise,
I'll silently admire

——— *Also our Bed is green.*

(1.)

How can my Tongue the Favours hide
That thus my Heart attach?
For never was a worthless Bride
So happy in her Match.

(2.)

Besides his Personage so great,
His Equipage is fine,
His Furniture and Bed of State
For Fellowship divine.

When

the Song of Solomon.

37

(3.)

When here his Love abroad is shed,
My Soul, his chearful Guest,
Sleeps in his Arms, as in a Bed
Of holy Joy and Rest.

(4.)

If Wisdom in a Myſtery
Will Heav'n to Hell betroth,
Th' ensuing Miracle muſt be
One Bed to ſerve us both.

(5.)

What Kindneſs here he does avouch,
No mortal Tongue can tell:
The Heir of Heav'n has made a Couch
To hug an Heir of Hell.

(6.)

Lo, this our Bed of ſweet Solace,
Green like the verdant Field,
Abundant Fruits of Holineſs
Does by his Bleſſing yield:

(7.)

To deck our Bed of nuptial Loves,
Buds of the Spring convene;
My pregnant Soul ſo fertile proves,
I'm like an Olive green.

(8.)

Fair Bloſſoms of indulgent Grace
That ſhade the Temple round,
With lively Verdure paint the Place,
And ſpread the holy Ground.

Ver. 17. *The Beams of our Houſe are Cedar,
and our Raſters † of Fir ||.*

Our

† Or Galleries, || Or Cypreſs.

(1.)

Our Nuptial-bed in Zion stands,
 Within our royal Court :
 For there the Blessing God commands,
 There is his lov'd Resort,

(2.)

Our stately Dwelling-house excels
 The Seats of mortal Kings,
 Whose pompous Courts are nothing else
 But specious empty Things.

(3.)

Their gaudy Grandeur shrinks away
 Within their with'ring Bow'rs ;
 No gilded House of mould'ring Clay
 Is sure and strong like ours.

(4.)

The holy Cov'nant Heav'n commands
 With Promises of Note,
 By which our House compacted stands,
 Are Beams that never rot.

(5.)

No Cedar-wood from *Lebanon*
 Nor Fir so firm endures,
 As these his Rasters, which his own
 Almighty Pow'r secures.

(6.)

Thus stablish'd, even our lower Courts
 Defy the Gates of Hell ;
 For everlasting Strength supports
 The Dome wherein we dwell.

(7.)

In precious Cypress Gall'ries here
 We walk along in State ;
 Such are the Ordinances dear
 Of my imperial Mate.

(8.)

In these sweet Mansions of his Grace
I'll walk with great Delight,
'Till he prepare a nobler Place.
To walk with him in White.



CHAP. II.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. i. *I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily
of the Valleys.*

(1.)

SUCH tainted Air from *Adam's* Bow'r
O'er cursed Mankind blows,
That no green Bed nor sav'ry Flow'r
In Nature's Desert grows.

(2.)

Thou then that sings the verdant Bed
Adorn'd with Flow'rs of Grace;
Come see the Rose and Lily spread,
That thus perfumes the Place.

(3.)

I JESUS, am the fragrant Rose,
That healing Odours yields,
And free for common Profit grows
In *Sharon's* open Fields.

(4.)

That all who please may freely come,
Of lapsed human Race,

And

And share the sanative Perfume
That suits their sickly Case.

(5.)

My bleeding Love, so oft express
To guilty Sinners, shows
A Beauty in my bloody Vest,
Beyond the ruddy Rose.

(6.)

Should I to comely Flow'rs compare
The Beauties of my Face,
Roses and Lilies, red and fair,
Would strive in it for Place.

(7.)

But what's my common Paint cast o'er
The Blossoms of the Field?
Tho' *Solomon* in all his Glorie
Must to their Splendor yield.

(8.)

Their comely Form but serves to foil
The Flow'r of Flow'rs above,
Sprung from the hottest heav'nly Soil,
My Father's fervent Love;

(9.)

Who thence the Lily did translate
To Valleys here below,
That Vertue from my humbled State
To sinful Worms might flow;

(10.)

And that in Vales of Misery
When with'ring Comforts fail,
The Rose of Heav'n might also be
The Lily of the Vale.

Ver. 2. *As the Lily among the Thorns, so is
my Love among the Daughters.*

While

the Song of Solomon.

41

(1.)

While I the Rose and Lily fair
Join'd, as my Title claim,
My Love, the Bride, must have a Share
Of my enamel'd Name.

(2.)

Mine Image she so harmless bears
Amidst a furious Broil;
She as a Lily fair appears
Ev'n in a thorny Soil.

(3.)

Among the Daughters of Despite,
The Offspring of the Earth,
Her Lily-form, so lovely white,
Shews her superior Birth.

(4.)

Beset with Briers that pierce and pain,
Yet precious in my View,
She pure and harmless does remain
Among the noxious Crew.

(5.)

The whole of Satan's Children are
A Field of hurtful Thorns,
Enrag'd by Hell, to scratch and mar
The Flow'r that Heaven adorns.

(6.)

But I'll provide in this Turmoil
My Lily with a Shield,
And afterward a better Soil,
My glorious Azure Field.

F

The

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 3. *As the Apple-tree among the Trees of the Wood, so is my Beloved among the Sons.*

(1.)

My dearest Lord has won my Heart
With his mellifluous * Tongue,
That gives unworthy me a Part
Both in his Name and Song.

(2.)

He to my Need his Names doth suit,
As if he could not be
A Rose and Lily of Repute,
Without adorning me.

(3.)

His sav'ry Titles thus made known,
In such endearing Ways
As wrap my Name within his own,
Provoke my Heart to praise.

(4.)

Awake, my Soul, commend his Grace,
And sing the living Tree,
Who by such Apples of Solace
Commends himself to thee.

(5.)

Above the Daughters of the Earth
Does he extol my Name?
Above the Sons of higher Birth
I will his Praise proclaim.

(6.)

As Garden Apple-trees excel
The Forest's barren Race,

* *Sweetly eloquent,*

So

the Song of Solomon.

43

So shines my Lord o'er Mortals all
With a superior Grace.

(7.)

His Fruit so sweet, his Form so fair,
His healing Leaves so broad,
This Tree of Life bears no Compare
With Sons of Men or God.

(8.)

Created Shrubs, wild Gourds be gone,
I climb a higher Tree :
Jesus, the living God, alone
Yields Shade and Sap to me.

*I sat down under his Shadow with great
Delight, and his Fruit was sweet to my
Taste.*

(1.)

What Fool soever disagrees,
My sweet Experience proves
That Jesus is the Tree of Trees,
Among a Thousand Groves.

(2.)

From Paradise wherein he grows
He spreads his Branches vast,
To give sweet Shade for my Repose,
Sweet Fruit for my Repast.

(3.)

When sore fatigu'd, I sat by Faith
Beneath his cooling Shade,
Skreen'd from the Heat of scorching Wrath,
My shelter'd Soul was glad.

(4.)

The Shadow of his Righteousness,
The Covert of his Blood,

F 2

When

When conscious Guilt and Dread oppress,
A happy Peace conclude.

(5.)

This Shadow shields me from the Fire
That strikes the Dread and Aw,
The burning Flames of Divine Ire,
And *Sinai's* fiery Law.

(6.)

Such Shelter this thick Shade imparts,
That no Temptation fierce,
No feather'd Shafts, nor fiery Darts,
Can once the Shadow pierce.

(7.)

When Christ my Skreen is interpos'd
Between the Flames and me,
My joyful Heart and Lips unclos'd
Adore the glorious Tree.

(8.)

No Mortal Tongue can speak the Bliss
That in his Shade is giv'n;
For then I'm safe from all Distress,
And taste an early Heav'n.

(9.)

The Tree does with immortal Food
My fainting Soul solace,
With Fruits, the Purchase of his Blood,
The Apples of his Grace.

(10.)

O here's the Tree of Life, that gives
The Vertue Sinners need,
Enliv'ning Fruit, and healing Leaves,
To raise and cure the Dead.

(11.)

Pardons, and Promises and Joys
Upon his Branches grow,

Which

the Song of Solomon.

45

Which, bending down with gentle Poise,
Unload themselves below.

(12.)

Laden with Grace, his Fruit he drops
And spreads my 'Table o'er,
To please my Taste, and feed my Hopes,
Until I feast in Glore.

Ver. 4. *He brought me to the banqueting
House †, and his Banner over me was Love.*

(13.)

Who but my Lord, the living Tree,
My Leader also is,
That brings me near to taste and see
This Love and Grace of his?

(2.)

Because my Fall, he kindly thought,
Did Nature's Pow'r displace;
To his Wine-Cellars I was brought
By his almighty Grace.

(3.)

Brought from his Garden, to his House,
To taste more Joy divine;
From sipping of the Apple-juice,
To drink the spiced Wine.

(4.)

With sweet and ravishing Solace
My Soul was feasted there,
In Ordinances of his Grace,
The House of his Repair.

(5.)

And lo! the royal Flag display'd,
Dy'd with the bleeding Vine,
Along my solemn Entrance led
Into his House of Wine.

With

† Or House of Wine.

(6.)

With flying Colours did I move
 And march triumphantly;
 For then was *Love*, victorious *Love*,
 His *Banner* lifted high.

(7.)

This Signal of his Grace adorn'd
 That stately March of mine,
 And for my Entertainment turn'd
 My Water into Wine.

(8.)

Love's conqu'ring Flag for War so rear
 Did all my Sins subdue;
 Love led the Van, Love fenc'd the Rear,
 Love dash't the hellish Crew.

(9.)

My fainting Heart was giving o'er,
 Till with his Ensign spread,
 My Standard-bearer went before,
 And all the Furies fled.

(10.)

Soul now to Arms; Love fights and wins,
 This Banner guards my Life;
 Almighty Love will slay my Sins,
 And end the bloody Strife.

(11.)

Still therefore to pursue the Chase,
 Till I triumph above;
 I'll mind the Banquet of his Grace,
 The Banner of his Love.

(12.)

With Love he march'd, with Love he led,
 With Love he arm'd my Breast,
 With Love he drew, with Love he fed,
 With Love he crown'd the Feast.

Ver.

the Song of Solomon.

47

Ver. 5. *Stay* * *me with Flagons, comfort † me*
with Apples ; for I am sick of Love.

(1.)

Lo! while my Mem'ry does review
His matchless bleeding Love,
My Spirit falls a bleeding too,
My Bowels melt and move.

(2.)

O ye whose Office is to bear
The Vessels of his Grace,
Bring Flagons full of Comfort here,
And Apples of Solace.

(3.)

Large Vessels fetch without Delay
With Cordials from above:
Haste ere my Spirits swoon away ;
I'm sick, I'm sick of Love.

(4.)

I'm overcome, I faint, I fail,
Till Love shall Love relieve ;
More Divine Love the Wound can heal
That Divine Love did give.

(5.)

The *Agent* Christ alone I view,
Tho' now my Soul that faints
In Sicknes raves of Aid from you,
That are but *Instruments*.

(6.)

Fill out the Wine my Lord did bleed
To stay and strengthen me :
The deeper in his Love I wade,
The sweeter still is he.

Straw

* *Here the Verbs are in the plural Number, Stay ye me,*
comfort ye me, † Straw me.

(7.)

Straw me with Apples all along;
 Their Taste does so surprise,
 I'd ly and roll myself among
 These Fruits of Paradise.

(8.)

Support this sinking Heart of mine
 Beneath a Weight of Love,
 With living Fruit and gen'rous Wine
 From Azure Fields above.

(9.)

I cannot surfeit here nor silt
 Even tho' my Cup run o'er,
 But feed on Hunger, drink on Thirst,
 And covet always more.

(10.)

New Feasts of Love I seek, to free
 And give Love-sickness Ease.
 How can I lothe what sickens me,
 So sweet is my Disease?

(11.)

The Love, the Love that I bespeak,
 Does Wonders in my Soul:
 For, when I'm whole, it makes me sick;
 When sick, it makes me whole.

(12.)

More of the Joy that makes me faint
 Would give me present Ease:
 If more should kill me, I'm content
 To die of that Disease.

*Ver. 6. His left Hand is under my Head, and
 his right Hand doth embrace me.*

(1.)

How soon my fainting Soul did cry
 For Cordials to be brought,

So

the Song of Solomon

49

So soon my Lord himself drew nigh,
With more than I had sought.

(2.)

I sought Wine-flagons, but anon
The Vine drew near to me:
I sought but Apples in my Swoon,
And lo, I found the Tree.

(3.)

When I on Servants call'd in vain,
My Lord himself with Speed
Did in his Arms of Love amain
Uphold my fainting Head.

(4.)

My Heart's Desire is now obtain'd,
I have my Royal Guest,
And, by his kind Embrace sustain'd,
Do in his Bosom rest.

(5.)

He does with Joys that can't be told
My Health and Strength repair,
And both his Hands about me hold,
To shew his tender Care.

(6.)

His left Hand for my *Support* he
Beneath my Head doth place;
And for my *Comfort* lendeth me
His right Hand's soft Embrace.

(7.)

His Presence brings a plenteous Show'r
Of Blessings from above;
For now I'm *guarded* with his Pow'r,
And *girded* with his Love.

(8.)

For my *Solace* 'gainst Sin and Death
I feel his Divine Charms,

G

And

And for my Safety underneath
His everlasting Arms.

Ver. 7. *I charge you ||, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, by the Roes, and by the Hinds of the Field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love *, till he please.*

(1.)

Immortal Love her Rest and Room
Does in my Bosom take;
Woe to the Fury that shall come
This joyful Rest to break.

(2.)

Soon as the tim'rous Hinds and Roes
Are scarr'd from Sleep and Rest,
Would Earth and Hell this sweet Repose
Maliciously infest.

(3.)

O Salem's Daughters, then I pray
And charge you stand in Aw
To waken Love, or do what may
Make Jesus to withdraw.

(4.)

Yea, all about me I adjure,
Professors and Profane,
Excepting neither Rich nor Poor,
The Sov'reign nor the Swain :

(5.)

By pleasant Roes and loving Hinds,
Affections Emblem meet,

By

|| Heb. Adjure you. * The Word my is a Supplement, and the Word Love is in the feminine Gender. She speaks of Christ as that Love eminently, or Love in the Abstract: The Original runs, That ye stir not up nor awake Love till it please.

the Song of Solomon.

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By all that's dear to loving Minds,
And ev'ry Thing that's sweet ;

(6.)

By all that's lovely in your Eyes,
I earnestly obtest,
Since Jesus in my Bosom lyes,
Ye may not mar his Rest.

(7.)

Begone, Sin, Satan, earthly Toys,
Far be ye from my Heart ;
Approach not to distrub my Joys,
Nor cause my Lord depart.

(8.)

His Smiles are free, he comes and goes,
My happy Hour is this :
Why should ye prove such cursed Foes
To interrupt my Blifs ?

(9.)

My glorious Lord now sleeps within
Mine Arms of Faith and Love ;
I charge myself, my Heart, my Sin,
Not once to stir nor move.

(10.)

He may as Sov'reign countermand
The Signals of his Grace ;
But never let a sinful Hand
Of mine eclipse his Face.

(11.)

Let no deceitful Lusts attend,
To rob me of his Charms ;
Nor cursed Unbelief, to rend
My Love out of mine Arms.

(12.)

I all the Spawn of Hell explode,
That would his Rest annoy ;

O may I never grieve my God,
Nor sin away my Joy.

Ver. 8. *The Voice of my Beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon † the Mountains, skipping upon the Hills.*

(1.)

Sweet was the Rest, but short the Stay
Of Jesus my Belov'd,
Who lately in my Bosom lay,
But instantly remov'd.

(2.)

Thus doth my sov'reign Lord declare
The Freedom of his Charms,
By slipping off, amidst my Care
To hold him in mine Arms.

(3.)

Great Hills, alas ! now intervene
Betwixt my Lord and me ;
His Voice unheard, his Face unseen :
Stop, stop, I hear, I see.

(4.)

The Voice of my Beloved sounds,
I know the charming *Lyre* ;
No mortal Voice so sweetly wounds
And ravishes mine Ear.

(5.)

I hear the Voice, I feel the Dart,
My Breast begins to burn,
The joyful Sound revives my Heart
With Hopes of his Return.

(6.)

In's Volume, *Lo I come*, said he ;
And now I see him move

In

the Song of Solomon.

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In solemn Triumph towards me,
On Wings of wondrous Love.

(7.)

His Coming *in the Flesh* I view,
Glad Heav'n his March attends:
And Coming *in the Spirit* too,
For lo, the Dove descends.

(8.)

Dark Shades adieu, bright Morning springs,
Behold the gilded Sphere!
Incarnate Love's perfumed Wings
Now cleave the shady Air.

(9.)

He over Hills and Mountains high
Comes flying on the Clouds,
In stately Pomp advancing nigh
Thro' all opposing Crouds.

(10.)

Of Principalities and Pow'rs
He makes an open Shew;
Down, in his March, he throws the Tow'rs
Of Hell's outrageous Crew.

(11.)

He skips o'er Rocks without Delay,
Nor tarries he to climb;
For Hills and Mountains in the Way
Are but a Leap to him.

(12.)

O'er Heaps of Sin to run he deigns,
O'er Hills of Guilt to flee:
Nor Death, nor Hell, nor Wrath restrains
His loving March to me.

Ver. 9. *My Beloved is like a Roe, or a young
Hart: —*

When

(1.)

When Faith itself could hardly see
 What Pow'r could ever pave
 The rocky Mountains whereon he
 Must come to seek and save ;

(2.)

When manifold Obstructions met,
 My loving Jesus made
 A stepping Stone of ev'ry Let
 That in his Way was laid.

(3.)

O'er Hills of Sin and Vales of Grief,
 O'er Mountains, Rocks and Seas,
 For my Salvation and Relief
 He runs, he leaps, he flies.

(4.)

O'er every *Bether* high and low,
 That him and me did part,
 He marches like the bounding Roe
 Or loving youthful Hart.

(5.)

To manifest that his Delights
 Were with the Sons of Men,
 He hastens to restore their Rights,
 And rife Satan's Den.

(6.)

No Doubt remains of his Good-will,
 Whose speedy March does prove
 His joyful Fondness to fulfil
 His Purposes of Love.

(7.)

When hainous Trespases of mine
 Make me conclude that he
 Will never any more incline
 Again to visit me,

And

the Song of Solomon.

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(8.)

And yet I see him hasting near,
And smiling in my Face;
How can I but adore, admire
And magnify his Grace?

——Behold, he standeth behind our Wall,
he looketh forth * at the Windows, shewing ||
himself through the Lattices.

(1.)

Come, Friends, admire how he renews
- The Visits of his Grace,
And in what various Forms he shews
The Beauties of his Face.

(2.)

His darkeſt Ways will prove him kind;
For, when he hides at all,
He goes not far, but ſtands behind
Our own Partition-wall.

(3.)

Tho' we, alas! do build up high
The hiding Wall of Sin:
Yet he behind it, very nigh,
Stands ready to come in.

(4.)

His Feet no Reſt can elſewhere take,
But ſkipping, leaping, move,
Till me the Reſting-place he make
And Center of his Love.

(5.)

And tho', while in this diſtant Place,
This Vale of Sin and Thrall,
There's ſtill between me and his Face
A thick, a darkning Wall; Yet

* Or rather looketh in. || Flourishing.

(6.)

Yet Distance alters not his Love,
 Nor ought abates his Care,
 Which force him thro' the Wall to move,
 And make a Window there:

(7.)

That there, as thro' a Window-glass
 However dark and dim,
 His Eye of Love to me may pass,
 Mine Eye of Faith to him.

(8.)

Thro' Lattesses that Light divide,
 Thro' glorious Gospel-lines,
 A Vail of Flesh, a pierced Side,
 His Love, his Beauty shines.

(9.)

Thus, like a beauteous Flow'r in Spring,
 He shews himself in State,
 Before the Window flourishing,
 And growing thro' the Grate.

Ver. 10. *My Beloved spake, and said unto me,
 Rise up, my Love, my fair one, and come
 away *.*

(1.)

When my Beloved Jesus nigh
 Did to my Soul appear,
 His matchless Beauty charm'd mine Eye,
 His gracious Words mine Ear.

(2.)

Why, tho' the sweetest Favours giv'n
 Are in his felt Embrace;
 Yet surest Intercourse with Heav'n
 Is by his Word of Grace;

I'll

* See Ver. 13.

the Song of Solomon.

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(3.)

I'll therefore sing the Words he said,
And his alluring Art,
Who me no silent Visit made,
But spake into my Heart.

(4.)

The joyful Sound my Soul restor'd
And heal'd to that Degree,
I never will forget his Word
By which he quickned me.

(5.)

" Rise up (said he) my pleasant Bride,
" And leave what thee annoys;
" Lay killing Fears and Damps aside,
" And share my quickning Joys.

(6.)

" My Love, there is no Spot in thee
" But what my Grace shall hide;
" Thou art, and evermore shalt be,
" My fair and comely Bride.

(7.)

" And since thou'rt mine by solemn Tie,
" And I'm so fond of thee,
" It ill becomes thee to be shie
" And carry strange to me.

(8.)

" Are mortal Pleasures worth thy Stay?
" Flee from their dying Arms;
" Hasten to my Bosom, come away,
" And share immortal Charms.

Ver. 11. *For lo, the Winter is past, the Rain
is over and gone.*

(1.)

" Come Love (said he) for now thy Way
" Is pleasant, safe and plain:

H

Behold

“ Behold a fair, inviting Day

“ And Heav’n above serene.

(2.)

“ Fear not the Storm; for, ere I gave

“ The gracious Call to thee;

“ Fair Weather I commanded have,

“ And calm’d the raging Sea.

(3.)

“ Thou hast no dang’rous Winter-flight,

“ No Drop of Wrath to dread;

“ The Storm did with a Vengeance light

“ Down on thy Surety’s Head.

(4.)

“ So full did I my Charge perform

“ Once in thy Room and Place,

“ That now no killing wrathful Storm

“ Can blow upon thy Face.

(5.)

“ Tempestuous Wrath and Death is past,

“ Stern Justice is pleas’d;

“ Since I courageous bore the Blast,

“ All Heav’n is fully pleas’d.

(6.)

“ I call thee not to fight and bleed,

“ But, free of Pain and Toil,

“ To follow thy victorious Head,

“ And gather in the Spoil.

(7.)

“ Yea, Winter of Desertion’s past,

“ And Rain of Trouble o’er,

“ While by my Presence now thou hast

“ An Antepast * of Glore.

“ Or Foretaste;

Ver.

Ver. 12. *The Flowers appear on the Earth, the Time of the Singing † of Birds is come.*—

(1.)

“ Come, come; for now, beloved Bride,
 “ By warming Beams of Grace,
 “ The youthful Spring with flow’ry Pride
 “ Looks smiling in thy Face.

(2.)

“ See lapsed Nature’s cursed Earth,
 “ Nipt with a Winter-fall,
 “ Now blest with Buds of heav’nly Birth
 “ And Flow’rs around the Ball.

(3.)

“ See *Adam’s* dry and blasted Root,
 “ Where Briers and Thorns were rise,
 “ Now bud and bear unfading Fruit
 “ Unto immortal Life.

(4.)

“ Lo, Heav’n appears upon the Ground
 “ Where Hell grew up apace;
 “ While earthly Hearts do now abound
 “ With heav’nly Flow’rs of Grace.

(5.)

“ The fading Trees of Righteousness
 “ Resume their fruitful Life,
 “ While I the Branches lop and dress,
 “ And bless the pruning Knife.

(6.)

“ The present Time of peaceful Spring
 “ From wint’ry Blusters free,
 “ Invite the heav’nly Birds to sing
 “ Upon the living Tree.

H 2

And

† Heb. The Time of Singing is come. *The Word rendred singing, signifies also to prune or crop,*

— *And the Voice of the Turtle || is heard
in our Land.*

(1.)

- “ Lo, now is heard the heav’nly Dove,
“ The sacred Turtle’s Voice;
“ The joyful Sound of Grace and Love
“ Makes drooping Hearts rejoice.

(2.)

- “ Refounding Echoes thro’ the Plain
“ From all my little Doves,
“ That in the Valleys mourn again,
“ Melodious Musick proves.

(3.)

- “ Their Hearts that nor could joy nor mourn,
“ So close bound up and pent,
“ Have now, upon their Lord’s Return,
“ A joyful, mournful Vent.

(4.)

- “ As loving Friends long distant do
“ Most joyful meet their Wish,
“ Whose Sorrows during Absence, now
“ Dissolving, bleed afresh:

(5.)

- “ So wrestling Tribes in chearful Mones
“ Their Lord approach’ng wait,
“ With joyful Hearts, yet mournful Tones,
“ As Turtles meet their Mate.

(6.)

- “ Sweet Sounds, alluring all that list
“ Are heard on every Hand,
“ Around the Field that I have blest,
“ And stil’d *Immanuel’s Land.*

Ver.

|| *By the Turtle some understand the Spirit, some the
Bride.*

Ver. 13. *The Fig-tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vine with the tender Grape give a good Smell.*

(1.)

“ Now, now is the accepted Time,
“ When heav’nly Plants of Grace

“ All pressing forward to their Prime,
“ And thriving, grow apace.

(2.)

“ The Figs, tho’ yet unripe for Meat,
“ Appear in green Aray :

“ Young Grapes unripe for Drink, yet sweet
“ And sav’ry Scents convey.

(3.)

“ With Joy the early Sprigs I see,

“ The young and tender Race ;

“ And view with Pleasure in mine Eye

“ The smallest Buds of Grace.

(4.)

“ Yea, lo, the well-advanced Spring

“ Does in Abundance now,

“ Not only Flow’rs for Pleasure bring,

“ But Fruits for Profit too.

(5.)

“ The living Vine incessant does

“ To ev’ry Branch dispense

“ Most sweet and odorif’rous Juice,

“ From Steams of Hell to fence.

(6.)

“ Are Serpents said to flee the Smell

“ Of Vines with Fear and Dread ?

“ Perfumes of Heav’n’s true Vine repell

“ Th’ old Serpent and his Seed.

Arise,

— *Arise, my Love, my fair one, and come away* *.

(1.)

“ Rise, drooping Bride, while Spring so sweet,

“ In Place of Winter snell,

“ Does thus by various Charms invite

“ Thine Eyes, and Ears, and Smell.

(2.)

“ Fair Love, 'tis thee I'm fond to wed,

“ 'Tis thee I'm loth to want;

“ Come to thy heav'nly Mate, and bid

“ All earthly Loves avaunt.

(3.)

“ Thy Company and Love to gain

“ I am so strongly bent,

“ I'll still insist, till I obtain

“ Thy full and free Consent.

(4.)

“ Haste to mine Arms; for, didst thou move

“ As I'm to thee inclin'd,

“ Thy Heart would on the Wings of Love

“ Outfly the hasty Wind.

Ver. 14. O my Dove that art in the Clefts of the Rock, in the secret Places of the Stairs, let me see thy Countenance, let me hear thy Voice: for sweet is thy Voice, and thy Countenance is comely.

(1.)

“ My Dove that in the lofty Rock

“ Art wont to nestle high,

“ And to my Wounds, when Storms provoke,

“ As shel'ring Holes to fly;

“ In

* See *Ver. 10.*

the Song of Solomon.

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(2.)

- “ In secret Corners wont to vent
“ Thy Heart to me alone,
“ Kindly to pour thy heavy Plaint,
“ And make thy humble Mone :

(3.)

- “ O why dost thou, that built so high,
“ At every threatning Shock,
“ So tim’rous now for Shelter fly
“ To any lower Rock?

(4.)

- “ Why, frightened from thy lofty Nest,
“ To lurking Holes and Clifts
“ Dost take, with Shame and Fear oppress’d,
“ Such vain and sorry Shifts?

(5.)

- “ Look up, my Dove ; nor blush nor fear
“ Thy heav’nly Mate to face,
“ Who wills thee boldly to appear
“ Before his Throne of Grace.

(6.)

- “ Lift Voice and Count’nance both upright
“ With Confidence to me,
“ And let thy Voice mine Ears delight,
“ Thy Countenance mine Eye.

(7.)

- “ For sweet’s thy Voice of Pray’r and Praise,
“ Which please me more to hear,
“ Than ever choice melodious Lays
“ Could charm a mortal Ear.

(8.)

- “ Thy humblest mournful Notes, my Dove,
“ Excel, in my Esteem,
“ Their highest Strains that artful rove
“ In Orat’ry sublime.

“ Thy

(9.)

- “ Thy Countenance is also fair
 “ And comely in mine Eyes ;
 “ Tho’ earthly Minds with scornful Air
 “ Thy heav’nly Mein despise.

(10.)

- “ For, while my Righteousness compleat
 “ Is still thy Robe renown’d,
 “ My Graces in thy Count’nance meet,
 “ And cast their Lustre round.

Ver. 15. *Take † us the Foxes, the little Foxes
 that spoil the Vines ; for our Vines have
 tender Grapes.*

(1.)

- “ But since my Bride’s a tim’rous Dove,
 Soon scarr’d and set astray ;
 “ Care must be taken to remove
 “ The fright’ning Beasts of Prey.

(2.)

- “ Of hurtful Foes a hellish Brood
 “ Against her Peace combines ;
 “ As in a Vineyard Foxes rude
 Infest the feeble Vines.

(3.)

- “ Let all concern’d in her and me
 “ Soon, at our Instance, seize
 “ The Foxes great and small they see
 “ That spoil the rising Trees.

(4.)

- “ Ye Ministers of my Affairs,
 “ My Vineyard who attend,
 “ I charge you guard against the Snares
 “ That do the Vines offend.

“ All

† Take, in the Original, is in the Plural Number, Take
 ye.

the Song of Solomon.

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(5.)

- “ All erring Teachers soon descry,
“ Deceitful Workers check,
“ All false Apostles take and try,
“ Refute, repel, reject.

(6.)

- “ No cunning Spoilers slightly mark,
“ No little Foxes spare :
“ For these no small Destruction work,
“ No little Mischief share.

(7.)

- “ A little Fox soon spoils and rents
“ Small Branches to the Stump :
“ A little Leaven soon ferments
“ And leavens all the Lump.

(8.)

- “ Our Vines have small and tender Grapes :
“ And if the strong, the big
“ With much ado the Hurt escapes,
“ How hardly will the Sprig ?

(9.)

- “ Each Soul be also taught to catch
“ Small Foxes hid in Heart,
“ Vain Thoughts, deceitful Lusts, that hatch
“ And gender grievous Smart.

(10.)

- “ Their little rising Brats destroy,
“ Their small Beginnings hush ;
“ Else they the Buds of Grace and Joy,
“ The tender Branches, crush.

Ver 16. *My Beloved is mine, and I am his; he
feedeth * among the Lilies †.*

I

Such

* Viz. *Himself or his People.*

† *His People or his Ordinances.*

(1.)

Such were the kindly Words he spoke
 To give my Soul Repose,
 Such was the Order strict he took
 With my disturbing Foes.

(2.)

I'll therefore boldly now assert,
 While yet he hides his Face,
 And own his Int'rest in my Heart,
 My Int'rest in his Grace.

(3.)

Lo, I am his, and he is mine,
 Our Titles are involv'd
 By Mystick Union, so divine
 As cannot be dissolv'd.

(4.)

Our mutual Int'rest firm abides
 And will endure for ay;
 Hence, tho' behind the Shade he hides,
 He is not far away.

(5.)

Tho' Heav'n the noblest Banquet yields,
 Among his Flow'rs above;
 Yet here amidst his Lily-fields
 He keeps his Feasts of Love.

(6.)

'Mong Saints whose Robes are Lily-white,
 By washing in his Blood,
 To grace the Feast is his Delight,
 His Meat and Drink and Food.

(7.)

With loving Care his Flock he feeds
 Upon the fattest Place,
 Among the fairest Lily-beds,
 The Pastures of his Grace.

By

the Song of Solomon.

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(8.)

By *Faith* I wait my proper Share,
When nought but *Sense* I see ;
And argue from his past'ral Care
His loving Mind to me.

Ver. 17. † *Until the Day break **, and the *Shadows flee away.* —

(1.)

Among the Lilies here below
My Lord will feed and stay,
Until eternal Day shall blow
Time's shady Night away :

(2.)

Still therefore Rays of Joy remain,
Tho' damp't with Clouds of Fear ;
Until he cleave the starry Plain,
And on the Clouds appear.

(3.)

Did Saints of old, when wrapt in Night,
Believing, hope to see
Incarnate Love's substantial Light
Make legal Shadows flee ?

(4.)

'Tis done ; and now the brighter Skie
Makes Gospel-Grace the Pawn,
That all remaining Shades shall die
And sink in *Glory's* Dawn.

(5.)

Her fiery Wheels with speedy Flight
shall o'er the Shades be hurl'd,
And Deluges of dawning Light
O'erspread the dusky World.

I 2

Let

† *These Words are applicable either to the preceeding or following.* * *Breathe or blow.*

(6.)

Let there be Light, once more he'll say
Who first did gild the Ball :

Then up shall rise the endless Day,
And down the Shadows fall.

(7.)

Darkness, the Charge, *no more to be*,
Shall hear, and soon obey,
And Clouds of Sin and Sorrow flee
Before the rising Day.

(8.)

The long dark Nights that kept the Field
And domineer'd with Might,
Shall then resign their Place, and yield
To everlasting Light.

(9.)

Ev'n Ordinances sweet shall pass
Which darkly shew him here ;
For then he'll break the Looking-glass,
And Face to Face appear.

(10.)

Welcome, the great, the glorious Store ;
Adieu, sweet, little Pawns :
I'll doubt, and fear, and sin no more,
When Glory's Morning dawns.

———*Turn || my Beloved, and be thou like a
Roe, or a young Hart upon the Mountains of
Bethel †.*

(1.)

Kind Lord, till this bright Morn appear
To my eternal Bliss,
Till dusky Shadows all retire
And work no more Distress :

Turn

|| *As in a Circuit.* † *Or of Division,*

(2.)

Turn, till this glorious Break of Day,
O turn to me thy Face;
While in the shady Vale I stay,
Deny me not thy Grace.

(3.)

While circling Woes depress my Soul
To various darksome Urns:
Let circling Mercies round me roll,
By various kind Returns.

(4.)

O'er Hills of Sin, and Guilt, and Woe,
That place us far apart,
Come marching like the bounding Roe,
Or loving youthful Hart.

(5.)

O'er Mountains to their Mates they move,
They skip, they leap, they flee;
With equal Ease, and Speed, and Love
Halte o'er the Hills to me.

(6.)

Tho' justly thou retire and hide,
Thy Favour stands unmov'd:
I'll therefore own I am thy Bride,
And thou art my Belov'd.

(7.)

Hence shall dividing Hills and Rents
Between my Soul and thee,
Be to my Faith but Arguments
To haste thy March to me.

(8.)

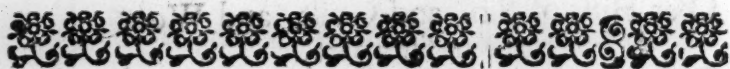
Let mighty Hills, o'er which to go
Defies my feeble Limbs,
Enhance the Glory of the Roe
That Rocks and Mountains climbs.

(9.)

Difficulties so huge to me
 I never can remove,
 Be but Occasions fair to thee
 To shew thine active Love.

(10.)

Let rising Mountains haste the View
 Of all-surmounting Might :
 And Ev'ning Shades, the falling Dew
 Of Love, till Morning Light.



CHAP. III.

The CHURCH's Words.

*Ver. 1. By Night on my Bed I sought him
 whom my Soul loveth ; I sought him, but I
 found him not.*

(1.)

WHEN Shadows dark and Mountains high,
 With stern united Might,
 Conspir'd to hide him from mine Eye
 Whose Absence is my Night ;

(2.)

Upon my drowsy Bed alone,
 Amidst my Slumbers tost,
 I sought him ; but my slothful Mone
 And lazy Labour lost.

(3.)

Love acting such a languid Part,
 I felt a strange Disease,

An

the Song of Solomon.

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An absent Lord, a careless Heart,
And Rest without Release.

(4)

Justly the Darling of my Soul,
still rolling in my Mind,
Did my dull Suit again controul ;
I sought, but could not find.

*Ver. 2. I will rise now, and go about the City,
in the Streets, and in the broad Ways I will
seek him whom my Soul loveth: I sought him,
but I found him not.*

(1.)

Since my Beloved won't be found
In such a sleepy Road,
I'll rouse, and rise, and go around
The City of my God.

(2.)

More Life and Vigour than before,
Thro' Grace, I will display ;
And in my Search frequent no more
This lazy, formal Way.

(3.)

But, shaking off my drowsy Chains,
About his Courts I'll move,
With more Activity and Pains,
To seek my dearest Love.

(4.)

I'll ev'ry secret Corner trace,
And search the publick Street,
The Ordinances of his Grace,
Till I my Saviour meet.

(5.)

In mere Resolves I did not sist,
But sought him here and there;

Yet

A Paraphrase on
 Yet, ah, the God of *Jacob* mist
 Even in the House of Pray'r.

(6.)

So much did former Laziness
 To present Loss redound,
 That in the most devout Address
 He was not to be found.

Ver. 3. *The Watchmen that go about the City*
found me: To whom I said, Saw ye him whom
my Soul loveth?

(1.)

Then was I (while I roam'd abroad)
 By faithful Watchmen found,
 Who in the City of their God
 Perform'd their painful Round.

(2.)

To whom I cry'd, with great Respect,
 " Ye Pilots of the Blind,
 " Can ye my wand'ring Steps direct
 " My dearest Love to find?

(3.)

" I hope, ye who with heav'nly Art
 " Still tread the holy Ground,
 " Well know the Darling of my Heart,
 " And where he may be found.

(4.)

" When my Belov'd is hid from you,
 " What Paths, what Means of Grace,
 " What Course do ye yourselves pursue
 " To see his lovely Face?

(5.)

" Tell me, ye Watchmen of the Night,
 " I pray you, tell me where

" Did

the Song of Solomon.

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“ Did ye espy my Soul’s Delight?

“ That I may seek him there.

(6.)

“ O happy Stars, if ye might be

“ My Guides to Jesus now!

“ Seers, did ye my Saviour see?

“ Pray tell me where, and how?

(7.)

But, ah, no Lips of Saints or Priests

My present Complaint could stay; .

All were but dry and empty Breasts,

While Jesus was away.

(8.)

My Teachers left me still in Doubt,

While he withheld his Grace;

Even when their Doctrine *found me out*;

And touch’d my very Case.

(9.)

Tho’ publick Means no present Stop

Put to my bleeding Wound;

Yet, lo, the healing Dew they drop

I soon in private found.

Ver. 4. *It was but a little that I passed from
them, but I found him whom my Soul loveth:*

(1.)

When publick Ordinances fail’d

In easing my Complaints;

When little to my Help avail’d

Or Ministers or Saints:

(2.)

When Means and Duties nought could do,

Tho’ useful in their Place,

K

As

As open *Inns* ; and precious too,
As sweet *Canals* of Grace :

(3.)

Yet, proving as to *Success* weak,
Beyond them all I past,
A little further Step to make,
And found my Love at last.

(4.)

When outward Conduit-pipes could vent
No drop, to help my Need,
The little Step I further went
Was to the Fountain-head.

(5.)

For passing thro' the brittle Reeds,
And but a little Space ;
And looking o'er the Servants Heads,
I saw the Master's Face.

(6.)

My Trust in Means did *from them* pass,
A higher Rock to climb ;
But *through them*, as the Looking-glass,
I fixt mine Eyes on him.

(7.)

How soon thro' Gospel-telescopes
Faith did his Glory spy ;
Dismissing all inferior Hopes,
My Heart pursu'd mine Eye.

(8.)

I found my Soul's Beloved chafe,
In all his pleasing Charms ;
And joyful flew to his Embrace,
And graspt him in mine Arms.

—— I held him, and would not let him go,

His

the Song of Solomon.

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(1.)

His Presence which by Faith and Pray'r
I sought so much to gain,
Now, when enjoy'd, with equal Care
I labour'd to retain.

(2.)

I wept for Joy to see his Face,
And, like a kindly Bride,
Inclos'd him fast in mine Embrace,
And prest him to abide.

(3.)

His Presence did such Bliss imply,
His Absence such a Bane ;
I now resolv'd that he and I
Should never part again.

(4.)

I saw his smiling Face where stood
A thousand lovely Charms,
And melted down into a Flood
Of Pleasure in his Arms.

(5.)

And, lighting now on *Jacob's* Road,
Did equal Fervour show ;
I wept and wrestled with my God,
And would not let him go.

(6.)

In Heat of Battle for the Bliss
On pleasant *Bethel* Plains,
I held him by his Faithfulness,
The Girdle of his Reins.

(7.)

And while I made his Truth my Shield,
His Word of Grace my Stay ;
The God of *Jacob* deign'd to yield,
And could not say me nay.

(8.)

Of Freedom great without Offence
 Allowing me my Fill ;
 With holy, humble Violence
 I won him to my Will.

— *Until I had brought him into my Mother's House, and into the Chambers of her that conceived me.*

(1.)

While such a Banquet I enjoy'd,
 Such Pow'r with God in Pray'r,
 My Court and Moyer I employ'd
 That others too might Share.

(2.)

Remembring, while I suckt the Comb,
 My starving Friends in Jail ;
 I brought him to my Mother's Home,
 His Largeesses to deal ;

(3.)

That all my Relatives might taste
 My present wondrous Bliss,
 Who faint with Famine in the waste
 And howling Wilderness.

(4.)

With ardent Zeal besought I him,
 To let his Blessing fall
 On Mystical Jerusalem,
 The Mother of us all.

(5.)

'Tis writ in Zion's Infant-roll,
 This Man and that Man there
 Was born again ; and there my Soul
 First drew the vital Air.

(6.)

I therefore beg'd, her Offspring free
 Might have, with peaceful Days, The

The Pleasure of his Company
In his approved Ways.

(7.)

His Presence to her House I sought,
Its Ruins to repair,
To strengthen what his Hands had wrought,
And shew his Glory there.

(8.)

I pray'd him to my native Home,
As his belov'd Resort ;
Nor did my Lord refuse to come
And grace his sacred Court.

(9.)

For there he fill'd oft to the Brim
My Cup of Joy ; and there
His Love to me, and mine to him,
Did mutual Tokens share.

(10.)

I found, to my Experience glad,
That, in the wrestling Way,
The God of *Jacob* never said
The Seed of *Jacob*, nay.

Ver. 5. *I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, by the Roes and by the Hinds of the Field, that ye stir not up nor awake my Love till he please ||.*

(1.)

My Lord does now his joyful Rest
In Zion's Bosom take ;
Wo to the Sin, th' unwelcome Guest,
This sweet Repose shall break.

Ye

|| See Chap. ii. 7. the same Words, but here they relate to Christ's Presence in the Church, the Mother's House, that that be not marr'd.

(2.)

Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 That love to him profess,
 Take Care ye do not lose the Gem,
 The Joy that ye possess.

(3.)

While some delight in Hinds and Roes,
 And from Alarms would shield
 Their soon-disturbed, soft Repose,
 Upon the open Field.

(4.)

Shall we awake our dearest Love,
 With vain and earthly Noise,
 That may provoke him to remove,
 And dash our present Joys?

(5.)

If some affect the rural Charms
 And Pleasures of the Field,
 A dearer Love is in our Arms
 Than ever Earth could yield.

(6.)

If they their pleasing Trifles would
 All undisturb'd enjoy ;
 Sha'nt we our dearest Darling hold
 And hug without Annoy?

(7.)

Ye then, that of my Mother's House
 The Sons and Daughters are,
 Be careful, while he stays with us,
 Lest ye the Pleasure mar.

(8.)

While he vouchsafes to be our Guest,
 And grace our publick Inn,
 Let none of us disturb his Rest,
 By Heav'n-provoking Sin.

(9.)

In Love he comes and goes, and so
May leave his holy Hill:

But woe to us if off he go
In Wrath, against his Will.

(10.)

His Will and Pleasure is a Law,
To which we must submit:

But never tempt him to withdraw,
Until he judge it fit.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 6. *Who is this * that cometh out of the
Wilderness like Pillars of Smoke, perfumed
with Myrrhe and Frankincense, and all
Powders of the Merchant?*

(1.)

What Bride is this, in bright Aray,
With precious Blessings stor'd,
That gives us solemn Charge to pay
Such Homage to her Lord?

(2.)

Up from the Desert see her move,
And climb the Azure Skies;
As from the glowing Altar's Stove
The smoaky Pillars rise.

(3.)

Her Heart inflam'd with holy Fire
In the devoutest Mode,
Adventures boldly to aspire
Unto the Throne of God.

As

* This, here, is in the Feminine Gender, q. d. *Who is
She that cometh up, &c.*

(4.)

As tow'ring Smoke in Air serene,
 With stately rising Heads,
 Majestick mounts above the Plain
 In lofty Pyramids :

(5.)

See how her warm'd Affections tow'r
 And, with a heav'nly Air,
 Contempt on earthly Glory pour,
 As worthless of her Care.

(6.)

Perfum'd with Myrrhe and Incense sweet,
 She smells like flow'ry Spring,
 With sav'ry Graces, Odours meet
 To entertain her King.

(7.)

No precious Powders from afar,
 Of which the Merchant boasts,
 Like these her grateful Odours are,
 Brought from *Immanuel's* Coasts.

(8.)

So wondrous are the Charms we spy,
 So rich the broider'd Robe ;
 Her dazzling Splendor blinds our Eye,
 And blazes o'er the Glob.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 7. *Behold, his Bed* * *which is Solomon's,*

(1.)

O Friends, what mean you, with Surprise,
 On mortal me to gaze ?
 From borrow'd Beauty turn your Eyes
 To uncreated Rays.

Behold

* See Chap. i, 16,

the Song of Solomon.

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(2.)

Behold the King magnificent
Who me so richly clad,
Whom *Solomon* the oppulent †
Did typify and shade.

(3.)

Come, see his Equipage prepar'd,
And Ensigns of Renown,
His stately *Bed*, his royal *Guard*,
His *Chariot* and his *Crown*.

(4.)

His *Bed* of State in *Zion* stands,
Within the royal Court ;
For there the Blessing Heav'n commands,
There is his lov'd Resort.

(5.)

There, still remains, as Prophets vouch,
And Holy Scriptures tell,
The Heir of Heav'n's embroider'd Couch
For hugging Heirs of Hell.

(6.)

This is my Rest, here will I stay,
In sacred Lines he said ;
And, till he can his Word unsay,
He'll never change his Bed.

(7.)

'Tis here, with Pleasure unexpress'd,
Our mutual Loves combine,
On easy Downs of holy Rest,
And Fellowship Divine.

(8.)

The Furniture and Cost immense
About the Bed may clear

L

An

† Rich.

An infinitely greater Prince
Than Solomon is here.

— *Threescore valiant Men are about it, of
the Valiant of Israel. V. 8. They all hold
Swords, being expert in War: Every Man
hath his Sword upon his Thigh, because of
Fear in the Night.*

(1.)

Behold the royal Guard, to fence
His Bed on ev'ry Side,
To shew the Splendor of the Prince,
The Safety of the Bride.

(2.)

A num'rous Host of nobler Knights
Than Solomon's Brigade
Of sixty valiant *Israelites*
Around his Iv'ry Bed.

(3.)

For, lo, the resting Place to guard
The Hosts of God combine,
Thousands of Angels all prepar'd,
And Attributes Divine.

(4.)

The lowest Rank that rails the Bed
Are Watchmen of the Night,
Who stand as Sentries in the Shade,
Until the Morning-Light.

(5.)

Of these the Faithful to their Prince
No naked Soldiers are,
But arm'd compleat for bold Defence,
As mighty Sons of War.

(6.)

By long Experience skilful grown
They in the Field command,

And

the Song of Solomon.

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And val'rous for the heav'nly Crown
They fight with Sword in Hand.

(7.)

The Spirit's Sword each ready wears
Close girded by his Side,
The Divine Word, to still the Fears
Of Jesus' royal Bride.

(8.)

When nightly Dreads her Quiet mar,
Their Swords silence the Fright,
And from the holy Spot debar
The Terrors of the Night.

(9.)

Yea, Zion's King himself acclaims
To be her Shield and Shade ;
His Blood, his Word, his Oath, his Names
Defend the royal Bed.

(10.)

The Sentry is Almighty Wings,
For * Subsidy prepar'd :
What sleeping Couch of earthly Kings
Can boast of such a Guard ?

(11.)

Amidst Night-shades that Fear suggest,
Amidst † menacing Harms,
They ly secure, whose Bed of Rest
Is strong *Immanuel's* Arms.

(12.)

Ye that my bright Aray descry,
See, see, his guarded Bed ;
Where I in Ease and Safety ly,
Beneath his Garment spread.

L 2

Ver.

* *Help or Aid,*

† *Threatning.*

Ver. 9. *King Solomon made himself a Chariot of the Wood of Lebanon. V. 10. He made the Pillars thereof of Silver, the Bottom thereof of Gold, the Covering of it of Purple; the Mids thereof being paved with Love for the Daughters of Jerusalem.*

(1.)

Ye that, amaz'd at my Ascent,
Stand gazing to the Sky,
Come see the Engine eminent,
By which I mount so high.

(2.)

Lo, here, beside the resting Place
And Bed to lay me soft,
Are flying Chariot-wheels of Grace
To bear my Soul aloft.

(3.)

Our *Solomon*, the Prince of Peace,
The King of *Zion* fam'd,
For his Renown, and my Release,
A stately *Chariot* fram'd.

(4.)

He who for *Pleasure* made the Bed,
For *Peace* who set the Guard,
For solemn *Pomp* and Cavalcade
This glorious Engine rear'd.

(5.)

He, congruous to his old Decree,
For shewing forth his Praise,
A Cov'nant firm of Promise free
Did like a Chariot raise.

(6.)

None fram'd of *Leb'non's* finest Wood
By wisest Engineers,

Could

the Song of Solomon.

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Could equal this, so gay, so good,
And firm to endless Years.

(7.)

The *Pillars* thereof, for the Ease
And Support of the Weak,
Are precious Silver Promises,
That will nor bow nor break.

(8.)

Its *Bottom* is a Ground-work sure
Of pure and solid Gold,
From bankrupt Begg'ry to secure,
From falling thro' t' uphold.

(9.)

Its *Cov'ring* safe from Sin to shroud,
And sure from Wrath to hide,
Is Purple Dye, the Scarlet Flood
From Jesus' wounded Side.

(10.)

For *Salem's* Race (tho' some purblind
Its outside Pomp but move)
The *Midst* unseen is pav'd and lin'd
With Velvet Seats of Love.

(11.)

He who, to shew his Kindness fresh
For human Brats abroad,
Came riding in a Car of Flesh,
The high, the humble God ;

(12.)

Now for his Bride a Chariot fair
Of Gospel-grace provides ;
In which he *conqu'ring* ev'ry where
And the *triumphing* rides.

Ver. 11. Go forth, O Daughters of Zion, and
behold King Solomon with the Crown where-
with

A Paraphrase on

*with his Mother crowned him in the Day of
his Espousals, and in the Day of the Glad-
ness of his Heart.*

(1.)

King Jesus' Royalties each one,
O Zion's Daughters, see ;
The Bed, the Guard, the Coach, the *Crown*
Presented to your Eye.

(2.)

Behold my King, you'll strange the less
To see my bright Aray ;
'Tis fit I now appear in Dress,
His Coronation-day.

(3.)

Go forth in Heart, from earthly Toys,
From Self that airy Thing,
From sinful Pleasures, dying Joys,
And see the living King.

(4.)

To him whom Mother *Zion* bore,
The Crown does appertain :
His Father to his Mother swore,
That *Solomon* should reign.

(5.)

Behold the King, with Wonder deep,
Whole Glory cannot fade,
Jesus thro' *Solomon* the Type,
The Substance thro' the Shade.

(6.)

Come see, believe, admire, adore,
Heav'n-gladning Homage pay,
To match his Mother's Crown he wore
Upon his Nuptial-day.

(7.)

The Day wherein he blest the Earth,
And won his Bride apart,

When

the Song of Solomon.

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When she him met with holy Mirth;
And he rejoic'd in Heart.

(8.)

The Saints, who do his Image bear,
Proclaim the high Renown
Of Zion's King; who deigns to wear
Their Praises as his Crown.

(9.)

They act the fond || maternal Part,
In joint applauding Bands;
The heav'nly Babe form'd in their Heart
Is crown'd with both their Hands.

(10.)

His wedding and his crowning Day
Their pompous Joys unite;
To pourtray him the lovely Way
Where Grace and Grandeur meet.

(11.)

Once bound unto the Altar's Horns
A Victim for our Dues,
His Head was crown'd with cruel Thorns
By's Mother-Church the *Jews*.

(12.)

But Pleasures now his Pains repay,
And Pomp that suits him well,
His Father's Crown, with sov'reign Sway
O'er Heav'n and Earth and Hell.

|| *Motherly*.

CHAP.



CHAP. IV.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 1. *Behold, thou art fair, my Love, behold, thou art fair, thou hast Doves Eyes within thy Locks: Thy Hair is as a Flock of Goats that appear from Mount Gilead.*

(1.)

MY Love, who slighting gawdy Fame,
Dost meekly human Praise eschew,
From Zeal to magnify my Name,
And give my Royalties their Due:

(2.)

Thy Name no Detriment sustains
By Travail in commending mine;
For, lo, I now return thy Pains,
By crowning thee with Praise divine.

(3.)

My Truth, that can't the false Decoy
Of flatt'ring Parasites approve,
Asserts, to animate thy Joy,
Thou art my fair and spotless Love.

(4.)

Lo, thou art fair; lo, thou art fair.
Twice over, fair thou art, I say;
My Righteousness and Graces are
Thy double Robe and bright Aray.

Tho'

the Song of Solomon.

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(5.)

Tho' thou a spotted Leopard,
A Native Black thyself dost stile ;
Yet, as a Mark of my Regard,
I'll count thee free of Spot or Guile.

(6.)

When to a Dog, a Mite, a Gnat,
Thou dost thyself abas'd compare,
And call thyself a hellish Brat,
Ev'n then I see and call thee fair.

(7.)

Thy trembling Faith will scarcely own
My Comeliness that covers thee ;
Behold, behold, twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me, in me.

(8.)

I see the Beauty of the Dove
That decks thy Soul without Disguise ;
For there devout Affections move,
Like Turtles coy, yet charming Eyes.

(9.)

So modest, humble, pure and chaste,
So true and faithful to their Mate ;
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my base Corrivals hate.

(10.)

Thy charming Eyes, vail'd with thy Locks,
Shew Wisdom with Sobriety :
And heav'nly Beauties finest Strokes,
From nauseous Ostentation free.

(11.)

Gay, like a comely Flock of Goats
Browsing on *Gilead's* stately Height,
Is thine adorning Hair, that notes
Thy fair Deportment shining bright.

M

No

(12.)

No artful Curls, no pamper'd Hair,
The sorry Pride of mortal Clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly Air
Of thy well-order'd Walk and Way.

*Ver. 2. Thy Teeth are like a Flock of Sheep
that are even shorn, which came up from the
washing: Whereof every one bear Twins,
and none is barren among them.*

(1.)

The World, struck with thy Beauty, may
Believe thy Entertainment good,
Did they thy Grinders white survey
That daily champ the heav'nly Food.

(2.)

Thy Teeth, the Bread of Life that cull,
And eat so eager of my Flesh,
Are Acts of Faith in Number full,
And in their Nature fair and fresh.

(3.)

Thy Priests, the living Bread who break
As Nurses for the Babes new-born;
When by an equal Law they act,
As ev'nly Teeth thy Face adorn.

(4.)

None does his Fellow overgrow,
Distorted from his proper Place;
But all, as equal Grinders, show
Due Pains in feeding Babes of Grace.

(5.)

They hold a comely Paritie,
Nor orderless thy Peace molest,
As proud o'ertopping Teeth would be
Assuming Prelates o'er the rest.

Thine

the Song of Solomon.

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(6.)

Thine active Zeal, yet mild doth keep
A smooth and just Equality ;
Like ev'nly rounded Flocks of Sheep,
New past the acc'rate Shearer's Eye.

(7.)

Thy Purity exceeds their Fleece
Washt newly in the Crystal Flood ;
Thy Fruits of Holiness and Peace
Outvie their fertile, num'rous Brood.

(8.)

There does not in the Flock appear
One barren, * unprolifick Womb ;
But all by Twins their Product bear,
And lead their Offspring bleating home.

*Ver. 3. Thy Lips are like a Threed of Scarlet,
and thy Speech is comely : Thy Temples are
like a Piece of a Pomegranate within thy
Locks.*

(1.)

I view'd thy beauteous moving Lips,
Commending me to *Salem's* Race,
And dropping purest Nectar Sips,
In fav'ry feeding Words of Grace.

(2.)

Thence sacred Pray'rs and Praise proceed,
Thro' me so grateful unto God ;
Thy Lips are like a Scarlet Threed
Dy'd with thy Lord's atoning Blood.

(3.)

These balmy Lips with pleasing Voice
Sweet founding in Devotion's Path,

M 2

Salute

* *Unfruitful*

Salute mine Ears with lecret Joys;
And spread around a fragrant Breath.

(4.)

Thy Speech, in *Praise*, to my Renown;
In *Pray'r*, to sue the Bliss from me;
In *social Words*, to make me known;
Shews Grace with comely Gravity.

(5.)

Hence 'Granat-like, thy Temples fair,
Tho' vail'd within thy Locks, appear;
While ruddy Blushes deck thy *Pray'r*,
When none but God can see and hear.

(6.)

From Men thou hid'st thy rosy Cheeks,
Which Scarlet Shame for Sin doth flush;
Yet, spite of Masks, thy Mein detects
The Beauty of thy holy Blush.

*Ver. 4. Thy Neck is like the Tower of David
builded for an Armoury, whereon there hang
a thousand Bucklers, all Shields of mighty
Men.*

(1.)

Besides thy Coral Lips and Cheeks,
Thy lofty, tow'ring, Iv'ry Neck,
Fram'd like a heav'nly Structure, speaks
The Wisdom of its Architect.

(2.)

This Neck of precious Faith excells
King *David's* fair and stately Tow'r;
It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
Erect upon the Rock of Pow'r.

(3.)

As *that* was for an Arm'ry built
Of warlike Weapons, sparkling bright,

Where

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Where hung a thousand Bucklers gilt,
All Shields of Men of War and Might:

(4.)

So *this* most vig'rous Faith of thine
More Strength, by building on my Names,
My Words and Attributes divine,
Than many thousand Shields, acclaims.

(5.)

Defensive Arms, in ev'ry Case,
Within this Magazine abound;
With Weapons of victorious Grace,
And brazen Bulwarks built around.

(6.)

Thy Neck of Faith assimilates
A Tow'r majestick and upright:
It stands renown'd for valiant Feats,
For bold Exploits and Acts of Might.

(7.)

*Faith joining her almighty King
Can, spite of Fears, securely dwell;
And in her Head triumphant sing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

Ver. 5. *Thy two Breasts are like two young Roes
that are Twins, which feed among the
Lilies* *.

(1.)

Thy Breasts of Love resemble Roes
Both young, delightful, lovely Twins:
In thee such equal Ardour glows,
Both for thy God, and 'gainst thy Sins.

(2.)

Thou op'nest frank a twofold Breast,
Two sacred Test'ments, and two Seals;

Which

* See Chap. vii 3.

Which to thy Children yield a Feast
Of heav'nly Milk, for daily Meals.

(3.)

Thine equal Breasts delightful feed
With congruous Milk of sweet Solace,
In just Proportion to the Need
Of all the little Babes of Grace.

(4.)

Among my Flocks, the Lillie-fields,
Where I with Pleasure feed and feast,
Thy wholesom Conversation yields
Sweet Nutriment with open Breast.

*Ver. 6. Until the Day break, and the Shadows
flee away, I will get me up to the Mountain
of Myrrhe, and to the Hill of Frankincense.*

(1.)

I heard thy former warm Request,
That I might haste the Shades away
Or, during Night, abide thy Guest
Until the Dawn of endless Day.

(2.)

In mindful Bosom still I bear
Thy Pray'r, to which, no longer mute,
As then I bent my list'ning Ear,
So now I grant thy humble Sute.

(3.)

In Zion Mount my Feet shall stay,
And constant there I'll lodge with thee,
Until the Dawn of Glory's Day,
That Shades of Sin and Sorrow flee.

(4.)

There will I smell the Savour sweet
Of ev'ry active Grace and Pray'r ;

For

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For *Zion* is my chosen Seat,
And I'll reside for ever there.

(5.)

Accepted Off'rings all mature
In this my holy Hill abound,
Perfum'd with Myrrhe and Incense pure,
That spread their pleasing Odours round.

(6.)

No Spice so much delights the Smell
As daily Incense smoking there :
Still therefore shall my Spirit dwell
And lodge within the House of Pray'r.

(7.)

This Mount of Incense, Hill of Myrrhe,
My present Grace shall still adorn :
Nor thence will I decamp or stir,
Until the glorious Nuptial-morn ;

(8.)

Till to my royal Courts above
With Sound of Trump I call thee up,
To consummate our endless Love,
And drink full Joy's immortal Cup.

Ver. 7. *Thou art all fair, my Love, there is
no Spot in thee.*

(1.)

My Love, thou seem'st a lothsom Worm :
Yet such my Beauties are on thee,
I spoke but half thy comely Form ;
For thou art wholly fair in me.

(2.)

Whole justify'd, in perfect Dress ;
Nor Justice stern, nor fiery Law
Can in thy Robe of Righteousness
Discern the smallest Spot or Flaw.

Yea,

(3.)

Yea, sanctify'd in ev'ry Part,
 Thou to Perfection dost incline :
 And I thee judge by what thou art
 In thy Desire and my Design.

(4.)

Fair Love, by Grace compleat in me,
 Beyond all mortal beauteous Brides,
 No Spot nor Blemish sullies thee,
 But what my Purple Vellure hides.

Ver. 8. *Come * with me from Lebanon, my
 Spouse, with me from Lebanon : Look from
 the Top of Amana, from the Top of Shenir and
 Hermon, from the Lions Dens, from the
 Mountains of Leopards.*

(1.)

Fair Consort, did I thee betroth ?
 Spouse, did I get thy Heart and Hand ?
 I urge thee by thy Marriage-oath
 Now to regard my kind Command.

(2.)

Come, come with me from *Lebanon*,
 This Mount of Pride and Vanity :
 Faith's Object, Things unseen, unknown,
 More suit thy heav'nly Pedigree.

(3.)

Come from this World's bewitching Heights,
 And let thy new-born Soul forget
 The pompous Fopp'ries, gay Delights,
 And Idols of thy native State.

(4.)

Are mortal Pleasures worth thy Stay,
 Or flying Shadows, dying Toys, When

* *The Words here may be read by Way of Promise, Thou
 shalt come with me,*

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When I invite thy Heart away
To share immortal solid Joys?

(5.)

By Faith look from *Amana's* Top,
From lofty *Shenir*, *Hermon* fair ;
Thence over *Jordan* look with Hope
To *Zion*, where my Glories are.

(6.)

Let me alone possess thy Heart,
Leave ev'ry dang'rous Lion's Den,
From these wild Leopard-hills depart,
The Place of furious Beasts and Men.

(7.)

All worldly Joys are overweigh'd
With Mountains of vexatious Care,
And under gawdy Pleasures hide
Some ghastly and destructive Snare.

(8.)

Let blinded Moles in earthen Hills
Their mould'ring Portion fond pursue,
And lick the Dust that never fills ;
Bid thou the Mole-hill Earth, Adieu.

(9.)

I'll thee to higher Bliss exalt,
To joy for ever with thy Lord :
Come, come thou must, and come thou shalt,
My Promise be thy drawing Cord.

Ver. 9. *Thou hast † ravished my Heart, my
Sister, my Spouse; thou hast ravished my
Heart with one of thine Eyes, with one Chain
of thy Neck.*

N

Thy

† Or taken away my Heart.

(1.)

Thy Fellowship's my fond Desire,
 Thus su'd by Promises and Calls;
 Because my vanquish'd Heart on Fire
 A Captive to thy Beauty falls.

(2.)

I cannot see with Pleasure, Love,
 Thy Feet on distant Mountains roam;
 Nor can I rest, until above
 My Heav'nly Palace be thy Home.

(3.)

I do, my Spouse and Sister dear,
 Own unasham'd my Brotherhood;
 We're doubly sib, our Kindred near
 Is both by Marriage and by Blood.

(4.)

Sith then my Father's also thine,
 In's Love thou hast a filial Part;
 And such an ample Share in mine,
 I'm hardly Master of my Heart.

(5.)

To thee I bear a Love intense,
 And high ev'n to the last Degree:
 Thou, in effect, by Violence
 Hast rapt my Heart away from me.

(6.)

Of all created Beauties brave
 E'er fashion'd by my Divine Hand,
 None like thy comely Graces have
 O'er my Affections such Command.

(7.)

One Glance of thy believing Eye,
 One golden Chain of thy fair Neck,
 Part of thy Form has ravish'd me;
 How must the Whole my Heart affect?

Thy

(8.)

Thy pow'rful Faith and Love detains
My Heart, entrapt, and yet enlarg'd,
With strong Delights and pleasing Chains,
I'm overcome, I'm overcharg'd.

Ver. 10. *How fair is thy Love, my Sister,
my Spouse? how much better is thy Love
than Wine? and the Smell of thy Ointments,
than all Spices?*

(1.)

Dear Relative, thou in whose Veins
My Blood and Spirit runs always,
Bound to my Heart by various Chains,
I must proceed to speak thy Praise.

(2.)

How fair! how grateful unto me
Are all thy precious Fruits of Love!
Thy Love beyond Compare I see,
And with enamour'd Heart approve.

(3.)

My Divine Love was in thine Eye
Preferr'd to Wine of choicest Sort:
And, not to be behind with thee,
I'll now the Praise of thine report.

(4.)

Thy Love excels the richest Wine
That cheers the Heart of Man apace;
For, lo, this fervent Grace of thine
Can ev'n the Heart of God solace.

(5.)

No Wine of Off'rings once pour'd out
Did ever such Acceptance win,
As does thy shining Life without,
That flows from burning Love within.

A Paraphrase on

(6.)

All Graces sweet thy Love attend,
Which in my Blood Acceptance find,
And forth their fragrant Odours send,
Like Ointment of the purest Kind,

(7.)

The holy Unction pour'd on thee
Yields to my Heart a sav'ry Feast,
And smells more * redolent to me
Than all the Spices of the East.

(8.)

As Streams unto their Spring reflow,
To me is thy perfum'd Recourse:
I call thee fair, who made thee so;
My Love's of thine the living Source.

(9.)

Thy Love's my due, because of old
Wi' th' Sons of Men were my Delights;
I joy'd in Loves I should behold,
And now am ravish'd with the Sights.

(10.)

Heart-piercing Love of ancient Rife
In me thou didst so much ingross;
The Wounds of Love made me despise
The Wounds and Torments of the Cross.

Ver. 11. *Thy Lips, O my Spouse, drop as the
Hony-comb: Hony and Milk are under thy
Tongue, and the Smell of thy Garments is
like the Smell of Lebanon.*

(1.)

O Spouse, thy Love with Loveliness
Is intermixt in Word and Walk;
My Tongue takes Pleasure to express
How I approve thy heav'nly Talk.

Drops

* Sweet or savoury,

the Song of Solomon.

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(2.)

Drops from thy Lips distill'd, with Ease,
To fainting Souls more Sweetness yield,
Than Hony-combs which busy Bees
Have gather'd from the flow'ry Field.

(3.)

Both *Canaan's* Blessings glide below
Thy pleasant and instructive Tongue:
For thence do Milk and Hony flow,
To feed and to refresh thy Young.

(4.)

Thy Heart still with thy Tongue agrees,
To fill the sweetly flowing Tide,
And shew thou art, without Disguise,
My truly fair and fertile Bride.

(5.)

Such is thy wonted holy Strain,
That sweet refreshing Pleasures load
Thy Language in Discourse with Men,
And in Devotion towards God.

(6.)

Cloth'd with my Righteousness, thy Smell
Is like a Field that God has blest:
But join'd with this, to deck thee well,
A Robe of sav'ry Grace thou hast.

(7.)

And hence abroad thy Savour flies
In Works devout, and Practice fair,
Which *Lebanon's* Perfume outvies,
That scents the † circum-ambient Air.

(8.)

As there, sweet-smelling Trees and Flow'rs
Did, fann'd with gentle Gales, abound;

Thy

† Surrounding.

A Paraphrase on
Thy Gospel-Walk delightful pours
To God and Man, sweet Odours round.

Ver. 12. *A Garden inclosed is my Sister, my
Spouse: A Spring shut up, a Fountain sealed.*

(1.)

My Bride's a Garden of Solace,
Where pleasant Fruits and Flow'rs abound;
A sacred Spot, inclos'd by Grace,
Securely fenc'd and wall'd around.

(2.)

From common Earth sequestrate quite,
Reserv'd for my peculiar Use;
And, by my providential Might,
Preserv'd from Violence and Abuse.

(3.)

A Spring, diffusing Crystal Streams,
Does high amidst the Garden swell;
Shut up from sultry hurtful Beams
And struggling Feet would taint the Well.

(4.)

A Fountain seal'd for *Secrecy*,
To enhance the Worth of Bliss unseen:
For Shelter and *Security*,
To keep the Waters pure and clean.

(5.)

My privy Seal was stamp't thereon,
That thence the Blessing Heav'n commands
Abroad in wholesom Rills may run,
And flowing Streams o'er distant Lands.

(6.)

As me the Father seal'd, to spread
For hungry Souls immortal Food;
So Zion's Springs are seal'd, to shed
On thirsty Ground a chearing Flood.

Ver.

the Song of Solomon:

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Ver. 13. *Thy Plants are an Orchard of Pomegranates, with pleasant Fruits, Camphire with Spikenard, Ver. 14. Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus and Cinnamon, with all Trees of Frankincense, Myrrhe and Aloes, with all the chief Spices.*

(1.)

Sweet Fruits all flourishing around
My water'd Garden well befeems;
Which cannot prove a barren Ground,
Amidst such fructifying Streams.

(2.)

Thy Plants of Grace do parallel
An Orchard *rich* with loaded Trees;
Sweet, to delight the Taste and Smell;
Fair, to salute th' enamour'd Eyes.

(3.)

Here 'Granates young and Camphire grow,
Here Trees of Spice and Incense bloom,
'Nard, Cinnamon, Myrrhe, Aloes blow
With fanning Gales a rich Perfume.

(4.)

Here num'rous Plants with fragrant Scent,
And sweetest Odours spreading round,
All in their *Nature* excellent,
And various in their *Kind*, abound.

(5.)

Thy blooming Plants of Grace display
A fruitful Soil, a wholesom Air;
And heav'nly Sap which I convey
Makes all the Planting fresh and fair.

(6.)

Wild Nature's Soil could ne'er produce
Such Trees as here immortal stand

For

For special Pleasure, special Use,
All planted by my Father's Hand.

Ver. 15. *A Fountain of Gardens, a Well of living Waters, and Streams from Lebanon.*

(1.)

Thy pleasant Garden's blooming Plants
All others far in Worth excell;
For Heav'n, to thine indulgent, grants
The Waters of Salvation's Well.

(2.)

This Fountain open, full and nigh,
Makes Plants their vital Vigour yield;
Yea, neighb'ring Gardens does supply,
And water each adjacent Field.

(3.)

Thy Graces frank their Juice convey,
In Manner not as shallow Pails;
But living Springs, that Night and Day
Flow to refresh the lowly Vales.

(4.)

Such is thy lib'ral flowing Mind,
Nor are (with churlish Penurie)
Thy Blessings to thy Banks confin'd,
But free and common as the Sea.

(5.)

My quickning Spirit, freely shed,
That Zion's Banks may overflow,
The River is, whose Streams do glad
And make the young Plantation grow.

(6.)

The Well of Water running o'er
Here stays, the Current to maintain;
And springs up to eternal Glore,
As Rivers hasten to the Main.

Not

(7.)

Not Jordan swell'd from Lebanon
So stately rolls her noble Tide;
As Crystal Rivers from the Throne
In State thro' Zion's Valleys glide.

(8.)

Thy Rills of Grace Self-glory shun,
Return and own their Spring's in me:
As Garden streams from thence must run,
And pay their Tribute to the Sea.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. *Awake, O North wind, and come, thou
South, blow upon my Garden, that the Spices
thereof may flow out: Let my Beloved come
into his Garden, and eat his pleasant Fruits.*

(1.)

In ample Praise, my King I hear
Make worthless me his royal Theme;
But with a stunn'd, astonish'd Ear,
I sink into the Dust for Shame.

(2.)

What humbling Wonders he performs!
On Insects vile his Picture draws;
Then makes the despicable Worms
The Subject of his high Applause.

(3.)

Lord, if I be a Garden fair,
On thee the Praise must wholly land;
For all the verdant Graces there
Are Plants of thy almighty Hand.

(4.)

The spicy Fruits thou dost approve,
And deign'st so largely to commend,

Q

Are

Are Blossoms for thy fruitful Love,
And on thy Breathings all depend.

(5.)

They quickly languish, fade and die;
They cease to bud, they cease to flow,
And sapless, scentless, fruitless lie,
Unless thy quickning Spirit blow.

(6.)

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Excite the Spices of the Vale;
Blow on this Garden of Perfume
A rousing Breath, a quickning Gale.

(7.)

On Zion's Sons, O Sp'rit divine,
Pour Gifts and Graces large abroad;
Her Pastors, by Perfumes of thine,
Be made a Saviour sweet to God.

(8.)

Sharp Gales from chilling North command,
To rouse the dormant Seeds of Grace:
Then warming South's soft Wings expand,
To make the Spices flow apace.

(9.)

From ev'ry Point, O mighty Winds,
Come, blow a fresh new Pentecost:
That blinded, Atheistick Minds
May know there is a Holy Ghost.

(10.)

O let my best Beloved come,
And spread the Garden-area broad
With choicest Fruits of rich Perfume;
Most sweet and grateful to my God.

(11.)

My Garden's his (in all its Views)
The Life, the Sap, the Branch, the Root;

The

the Song of Solomon.

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The Product whole to him accrues,
Who plants and waters all the Fruit.

(12.)

Come, else the Banquet cannot stand;
Come, bring with thee thy pleasing Treat,
The Fruits of thy laborious Hand,
And Garden-toil with bloody Sweat.

Or shorter thus:

(1.)

Am I the Garden Heav'n can own,
Where living Waters flow,
As Crystal Rivers from the Throne
To make the Planting grow?

(2.)

O heav'nly Wind, awake and come,
Blow all thy gracious Gales
On this my Garden of Perfume,
Else all its Savour fails.

(3.)

O Divine Spirit, from above
My with'ring Heart inspire,
And raise, by various Forms of Love,
As various Wants require.

(4.)

Let Northern Breezes fill my Sails
With sharp convincing Grace:
Then, from the South, refreshing Gales
Resume their joyful Place.

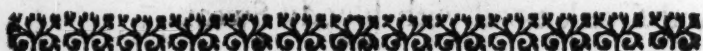
(5.)

Make all the Spices flow abroad,
All Graces active here,
entertain my Lord and God,
Faith, Love and Joy appear.

O 2

Let

Let my Belov'd his Presence sweet
 Now to his Garden grant,
 To taste his pleasant Fruits, and eat
 What he himself did plant.



CHAP. V.

CHRIST'S Words.

*Ver. 1. I am come in to my Garden, my Sister,
 my Spouse ; I have gathered my Myrrhe with
 my Spice, I have eaten my Hony-comb with
 my Hony, I have drunk my Wine with my
 Milk : Eat, O Friends, drink, yea, drink
 abundantly, O Beloved.*

(1.)

MY Love, in Answer to thy Pray'r,
 I'm here at thy Request ;
 And ready both to give and share
 The Pleasure of the Feast.

(2.)

I'm come, my Spouse and Sister dear,
 I'm to my Garden come
 To gather up my Spice and Myrrhe,
 I'm pleas'd with this Perfume.

(3.)

My Graces relish like a Feast
 Of Hony, Milk and Wine ;
 I make myself a welcome Guest,
 The Fruits are mine and thine.

Eat

(4.)

Eat, drink, O Friends, whom I approve,
I also welcome you ;
Yea, drink Abundance of my Love,
Full Freedom I allow.

(5.)

Your fainting Spirits here refresh
With Plenty spread abroad,
The Grace and Love, the Blood and Flesh
Of your incarnate God.

(6.)

Not elect Angels ever share
Such strange and matchless Food ;
They feast on their Creator's Care,
Not your Redeemer's Blood.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 2. I sleep, but my Heart waketh : It is the Voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my Sister, my Love, my Dove, my Undeiled: For my Head is wet with Dew, and my Locks with the Drops of the Night.

(1.)

The Heart of Jesus Kind I see,
But mine ungrateful fails ;
Two Natures are at Odds in me,
And oft the worst prevails.

(2.)

Both *sleeping Flesh* I have, that rests
In Sloth unto my Shame ;
And *waking Grace*, that still protests
Against the lazy Frame.

Hence

(3.)

Hence, tho' I sleep, I at my Heart
 Some inward Knocking hear;
 'Tis Jesus Voice, his loving Dart
 Thus wounds my waking Ear.

(4.)

" Come, open, my unspotted Dove,
 " Thy Heart I bolted find;
 " Awake, my Sister; rise, my Love,
 " Let in thy dearest Friend.

(5.)

" Wrath's mid-night Show'r bedew'd my Locks,
 " Storms on my Head did blow:
 " Wilt thou unkindly slight my Knocks
 " Who suffer'd for thee so,

(6.)

" And now stand waiting patiently
 " To give the purchast Good,
 " At present ready to apply
 " The Blessings of my Blood?

Ver. 3. *I have put off my Coat, how shall I put
 it on? I have washed my Feet, how shall I
 defile them?*

(1.)

When thus in most indearing Terms
 Kind Jesus knock'd and cry'd,
 My Heart, resisting heav'nly Charms,
 On Bed of Sloth reply'd;

(2.)

" My Clothes are off, my Nap is sweet,
 " How shall I rise undrest?
 " How shall I stain my new-washt Feet?
 " Excuse me, let me rest.

My

the Song of Solomon.

CHH

(3.)
My Non-admission of his Grace
His holy Spirit vex;
My Answer for my Laziness
Was but a vile Pretext.

Ver. 4. *My Beloved put in his Hand by the Hole
of the Door, and my Bowels were moved
* for him.*

(1.)
When I so shamefully refus'd
Access to my Belov'd,
Another kindly Way he us'd,
Which my Affections mov'd.

(2.)
Tho' I his Word did basely slight,
Yet, ere I was aware,
His Spirit by resistless Might
Did kindly draw the Bar.

(3.)
He, to unbolt the Door, put in
His gracious Hand of Pow'r:
Then did his Love upbraid my Sin,
And melt my Bowels sore.

Ver. 5. *I rose to open to my Beloved, and my
Hands dropped with Myrrhe, and my Fin-
gers with sweet-smelling Myrrhe, upon the
Handles of the Lock.*

(1.)
How long he stood, how oft he knock'd,
How patient who can tell?
What Drops of Grace on th' Entry lock'd
From his sweet Fingers fell?

At

* Or in me.

(2.)

At length I rose from off my Bed,
 My drowsy Bed of Sloth,
 To open to my Spouse, who had
 My solemn Marriage-oath.

(3.)

Soon by the wet Lock-handles were
 My Fingers moistned much,
 And sweetly dropt with Oil of Myrrhe
 Left by his melting Touch.

(4.)

His quickning Sp'rit Heart-setters broke,
 And heal'd my dull Disease;
 As dropping Oil that makes the Lock
 Soon yield and ope with Ease.

*Ver. 6. I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved
 had withdrawn himself, and was gone: My
 Heart failed when he spake. I sought him,
 but I could not find him; I called him, but
 he gave me no Answer.*

(1.)

I op'ned straight to my Belov'd,
 Expecting his Embrace;
 But, ah, from thence he had remov'd,
 And justly hid his Face.

(2.)

Mine aking Heart did now collect
 His Words that gave the Wound,
 And, wailing sore my base Neglect,
 Away my Spirit swoon'd.

(3.)

With great Perplexity I sought,
 But him I could not find;
 I call'd, but, ah, no Answer got,
 To ease my restless Mind.

So

the Song of Solomon:

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(4.)

So much my former Slothfulness
To present Damage turn'd ;
In Grief I doubled mine Address,
Yet still his Absence mourn'd.

*Ver. 7. The Watchmen that went about the City
found me, they smote me, they wounded me ;
the Keepers of the Wall took away my Vail
from me.*

(1.)

When I, in private Means, with Care
Had fought, but fought in vain ;
I try'd his publick Courts, but there
Redoubled was my Pain.

(2.)

Kind Pastors formerly condol'd .
My Case with Sympathy ;
But now I met with such a rul'd
With Force and Cruelty *.

(3.)

Untender Watchmen, on their Rounds
In open Streets, me got,
Afflicted me with many Wounds,
And without Mercy smote.

(4.)

They hurt my Name, my Head, my Crown,
And sore reproach'd my Zeal ;
Wall-keepers rude thus beat me down,
And tore away my Vail.

(5.)

My fair Profession they defam'd,
Nor did my Failings hide ;

P

A

* Ezek. xxxiv. 4.

A strolling Harlot I was nam'd,
And not a loving Bride.

Ver. 8. *I charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of Love.*

(1.)

O Salem's Race, when Watchmen wound,
Won't ye more Favour shew ?
What Pity can't with them be found,
May I expect with you.

(2.)

I want my Soul's beloved One,
None else can give me Ease :
I'm sick of Love ; Oh is there none
To tell him my Disease ?

(3.)

His Absence from my Soul is Death ;
O, if ye find his Grace,
I charge you with my dying Breath
To represent my Case.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 9. *What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, O thou fairest among Women ? What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, that thou dost so charge us ?*

(1.)

Fair Lover, thou who dost to us
Thy moaning Speech direct,
Whose shining beauteous Carriage thus
Commands our high Respect ;

(2.)

The Object does thy Love engage,
We judge by viewing thee,

Must

Must surely be some Personage
Of very high Degree.

(3.)

What's thy Belov'd ? pray let us know,
For whom thou art so sad,
And giv'st such solemn Charge, as tho'
He not an Equal had.

(4.)

Thou fairest Beauty, can't thou see
His Match when he removes ?
Pray what alluring Charms has he
Beyond all other Loves ?

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 10. *My Beloved is white and ruddy, the
† Chiefest among Ten thousands.*

(1.)

If why I love my Jesus so,
The wondring World enquire,
My Grounds are such as, did they know,
Their Hearts would also fire.

(2.)

O there is no Belov'd like mine !
He's white and ruddy both ;
All human Beauties, all divine
His glorious Person clothe.

(3.)

White in his Natures both descry'd,
From ev'ry Blemish free ;
And ruddy in his Garments dy'd
With Blood he shed for me.

(4.)

Was he not Red but only White,
The Lily not the Rose,

He

† Or Standard-bearer.

116 *A Paraphrase on*

He might suffice the Angels Sight ;
(But I am none of those.

(5.)

Was he not White but only Red,
A Suff'rer for his Sin,
His Blood would rest upon his Head,
Nor could I joy therein.

(6.)

But here's my Joy and Confidence
Both mixt I see by Faith,
The Whiteness of his Innocence,
The Redness of his Death.

(7.)

Since for my Sin he bore Disgrace,
Who yet from Sin was free ;
This makes his white and ruddy Face
A Beauty meet for me.

(8.)

The Chief of Chiefs, beyond Compare,
Immanuel, God-Man,
Among Ten thousand Ensigns fair
Triumphant leads the Van,

(9.)

To him the Heav'ns their Homage bring,
To him celestial Throngs,
Then thousand Saints and Angels sing,
With Rapture on their Tongues.

(10.)

Created Wisdom cannot scan
The Root of *Jesse's* Rod,
Nor speak the Greatness of the Man,
The Grandeur of the God.

Ver. 11. *His Head is as the most fine Gold, his
Locks are bushy and Black as a Raven.*

His

the Song of Solomon.

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(1.)

His Head which once was crown'd with Thorns,
And where all Wisdom dwells,
A Crown of Glory bright adorns,
which finest Gold excells.

(2.)

So firm, so bright, so eminent,
And durable for ay,
Is his extensive Government,
And universal Sway.

(3.)

Black as a Rav'n's his curled Hair
And busky Locks ; a Mark,
That still his Age is fresh and fair,
His Counsels deep and dark.

(4.)

Beauties of Youth and Age agree
To deck his awful Sway ;
Fair Youth without Inconstancy,
Full Age without Decay.

*Ver. 12. His Eyes are as the Eyes of Doves by
the Rivers of Waters, washed with Milk,
and * fitly set.*

(1.)

His Dove-like Eyes most bright appear
Like these the Brooks have wet,
Or milky Streams have moistned clear,
Like Diamonds fitly set,

(2.)

His sparkling Eyes with piercing Sight
O'ersee the Shades of Death ;
Inspecting Secrets of the Night,
And searching Hell beneath,

He

* *Fitly placed, and set as a precious Stone in the Foil of
a Ring.*

(3.)

He with his fix'd and steady Eyes
Beholding distant Parts,
Both Deeps of Divine Counsels spies,
And Deeps of human Hearts.

(4.)

Behold both Loftiness and Love
In his omniscient Eye;
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove,
With Meekness, Majesty.

Ver. 13. *His Cheeks are as a Bed of Spices, as
* sweet Flowers, his Lips like Lilies drop-
ping sweet-smelling Myrrhe.*

(1.)

His rosy Cheeks a Bed of Flow'rs
Still tow'ring up Perfume;
Or Spices that with Summer-Show'rs
Their sweetest Scent resume.

(2.)

These very Cheeks he once resign'd
To them that pluckt the Hair,
Most sweetly to th' enlightn'd Mind
Refreshing Vertue share.

(3.)

His Lips, resembling Lily-blooms,
Drop sav'ry Words of Grace,
Like Oil of Myrrhe with fine Perfumes,
To suit a fainting Case.

(4.)

The balmy Drops his Lips afford
Give Life to Sons of Death:
The vital Savour of his Word
Restores expiring Breath.

Ver.

• Towers of Perfume.

Ver. 14. *His Hands are as Gold Rings set
with the Beryl: His † Belly is as bright
Ivory overlaid with Sapphires.*

(1.)

His Hands are fairer to behold,
Tho' once nail'd to the Tree,
Than Beryls set in Rings of Gold;
So rich in Bounty's he.

(2.)

His Operations mighty, vast,
No Mortal understands;
For all the Works of God have past
Thro' these his precious Hands.

(3.)

No Iv'ry fine so bright is found
With Sapphires overlaid,
As Bowels of Compassion round
Do gild his pierced Side.

(4.)

The Love about his Heart that twines
Still firm, without Decay,
In Instances unnumber'd shines
With sparkling bright Aray.

Ver. 15. *His Legs are as Pillars of Marble,
set upon Sockets of fine Gold. His Counte-
nance is as Lebanon, excellent as the Cedars.*

(1.)

His Legs like Marble Pillars stand
On Golden Sockets fine;
So firm's the Throne of his Command,
So ev'n his Paths Divine.

His

† Or Bowels, the same Word as in V. 4.

A Paraphrase on

(2.)

His stately Steps, his steady Way,
 His stable Kingdom, proves
 He's solid Gold, not mould'ring Clay
 Like fading mortal Loves.

(3.)

His Countenance more lofty is
 Than *Lebanon* by far;
 More excellent than all its Trees
 And stately Cedars are.

(4.)

So high, so eminent is he,
 That in his Person shine
 The Glories of the Deity,
 With Majesty Divine.

Ver. 16. *His Mouth is most sweet: Yea, || he is
 altogether lovely.* —————

(1.)

Lo, his blest Mouth, that once did taste
 The bitter Gall for me,
 With Charms divinely sweet is grac'd,
 Unto the last Degree.

(2.)

Grace pour'd into his Lips, alway
 Does thence so sweetly run;
 They share the Father's Grace for ay
 Who do but kiss the Son.

(3.)

His Mouth a triple Heav'n imports,
 A Word, a Smile, a Kiss;
 And triple Doom to dash their Sports
 Whose Lips profane the Bliss.

How

|| *He is all Desires.*

the Song of Solomon:

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(4.)

How hard, tho' sweet, this limning Task!

I faint, I must succumb,

He is (if what he is, you ask)

All over Loves, in Sum.

(5.)

How weak my Tongue his Glory sings;

Which drowns Seraphic Art;

He's all desirable Things,

And Charms in ev'ry Part.

(6.)

Adoring Heav'n's his Name confess

The Infinite unknown,

And in created human Dress

The uncreated ONE.

(7.)

Their Tongues that do his Glory speak

In loud and lofty Lays,

For higher Notes are still to seek,

And never reach his Praise.

(8.)

I wrong his Name with Words so faint;

Nor half his Worth declare:

Can finite Pensils ever paint

The infinitely Fair?

*— This is my Beloved, this is my Friend;
O Daughters of Jerusalem.*

(1.)

My Union to his Person dear

Bears such substantial Bliss;

All mortal Loves and Friendships here

Are but the Shade of this.

Q

What

(2.)

Whatever sweet Relations be
 'Mong Creatures great, or small,
 There's infinite Disparity
 Between him and them all.

(3.)

Yet how much in himself he is,
 So much he is to me :
 For he is mine, and I am his,
 And evermore shall be.

(4.)

The more I hold his Glory forth,
 Or would his Name unfold ;
 The more incomparable Worth
 I still in him behold.

(5.)

Now this, O *Salem's* Progeny,
 This is my Love, my Friend ;
 Search Heav'n and Earth, but sure am I
 His Match you'll never find.

(6.)

Your Question far exceeds my Reach,
 What's thy Belov'd ? said ye :
 His Praise defeats my fault'ring Speech ;
 But (pray you) *Come and See.*

CHAP.



CHAP. VI.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 1. *Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among Women? whither is thy Beloved gone aside? that we may seek him with thee.*

(1.)

SUCH glorious Things are told by thee
About thy matchless Mate;
His Seekers too we fain would be,
And share thy happy State.

(2.)

Thy holy Walk and Talk is such,
Thy Countenance so fair,
We think whom thou commend'st so much
Must be beyond Compare.

(3.)

O where is thy Beloved gone?
Thou fairest of thy Kind,
So happy in that glorious One
On whom thou set'st thy Mind.

(4.)

Where is he gone? Pray let us know
What Place frequents he most?
That we in Quest of him may go,
Nor find our Travel lost.

Q 2

The

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *My Beloved is gone down into his Garden, to the Beds of Spices, to feed in the Gardens, and to gather Lilies.*

(1.)

Lo, my Belov'd, tho' he enthron'd
In Glory keeps his Place,
Yet here below is to be found
In Gardens of his Grace.

(2.)

He plants, he waters ev'ry Tree,
His Blessing makes them spring;
Then gladly comes he down to see
What rich Increase they bring.

(3.)

He walks among the spicy Beds,
Where Aromaticks flow;
And in his young Plantation feeds,
Where Fruits delicious grow.

(4.)

He gathers there his chosen Crop
Of Lilies without Toil;
And, when full ripe, he picks them up,
To deck his fairer Soil.

(5.)

Th' Assemblies of his growing Saints
Are still his chief Repair:
Whoe'er his gracious Presence wants,
May seek with Success there.

Ver. 3. * *I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine: He feedeth among the Lilies.*

Tho'

* See, Chap. ii. 16. this more largely explain'd.

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(1.)

Tho' now my Lord from me abscond,
Yet judge him not unkind :
In's Temple oft I have him found,
And hope again to find.

(2.)

And, tho' from me to *Sense* he hides,
My *Faith* holds fast his Name :
Mine Int'rest in him firm abides,
I will not quit my Claim.

(3.)

He has my warmest Love ingross,
And I possess his Heart ;
His Love and mine unite, I boast,
Nor Death, nor Hell can part.

(4.)

The Bond of Love so firm abides
Ev'n in the darkest Day,
That, tho' behind the Shade he hides,
He's never far away.

(5.)

Tho' he his noblest Table spreads
Among his Flow'rs above ;
Yet here amidst his Lily-beds
He keeps his Feasts of Love.

(6.)

The Ordinances of his Grace
Are Fields of his Repair ;
There I have seen his glorious Face,
And you may see him there.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 4. *Thou art beautiful, O my Love, as
Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an
Army with Banners.* How

(1.)

How comely is the Bride I see,
 Who thus mine Abſence wail'd,
 And kindly thought and ſpoke of me
 Ev'n when my Face was wail'd!

(2.)

Thy Zeal for me when I withdrew
 I highly muſt approve;
 And now return to thee, to ſhew
 My great Reſpect and Love.

(3.)

I did forgive, and have forgot
 All thine Infirmities:
 Thy holy Soul, from Sin remote,
 Is beauteous in mine Eyes.

(4.)

More fair thou art, my lovely Prey,
 More comely in my Sight,
 Than ever *Tirzah* once ſo gay,
 Or *Salem* once ſo bright.

(5.)

Thine Aſpect's awful Maſteſty
 Does ſtrike thy Foes with Fear;
 As Armies do, when Banners fly,
 And martial Flags appear.

(6.)

How does thine Armour glitt'ring bright
 Their frighted Spirits quell?
 The Weapons of thy warlike Might
 Deſy the Gates of Hell.

Ver. 5. Turn away thine Eyes from me, for
 they have overcome me *.

Small

* See more on this Subject, Chap. iii. 4. and ix. 9.

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(1.)

Small Wonder that thy Foes must bow
When Faith does keep the Field ;
For, lo, I am thy Captive too,
And kindly forc'd to yield.

(2.)

Thy charming Eyes of Faith and Love,
That make myself their Prize,
Have overcome me ; pray remove
And turn away thine Eyes.

(3.)

They pow'rfully my Heart detain,
My kindly Passions fill :
Yet no unwilling Vict'ry gain,
But win me to thy Will.

(4.)

Thy daring, gallant Arms of Grace,
Have o'er me such a Sway ;
I'm conquer'd with their kind Embrace,
And cannot say thee nay.

(5.)

Thy piercing Eyes, that ravish me,
Command me as they list :
My Spirit's aiding Force in thee
Is Pow'r I can't resist.

(6.)

Cease, wrestling Jacob, let me go,
My Love, let me alone :
If not, except I bless thee ; Lo !
My Blessing thou hast won.

— * *Thy Hair is as a Flock of Goats that
appear from Gilead. Ver. 6. Thy Teeth are
as a Flock of Sheep, which go up from the
Washing*

* See these Words more largely explained, Chap. iv. 1, 2, 3.

A Paraphrase on

*Washing, whereof every one beareth Twins,
and there is not one barren among them.*

*Ver. 7. As a Piece of a Pomegranate are thy
Temples within thy Locks.*

(1.)

Thy slothful Carriage toward me
At our last Interview,
Tho' I observ'd with Jealousie,
And thereupon withdrew ;

(2.)

Yet never judge thy Change of Frame
My Heart from thee could move ;
For still (like solid Rocks) the same
Is my unshaken Love.

(3.)

Thy Praise I sounded in thine Ears
Ere thou wast so unkind ;
And now indulge no faithless Fears,
As if I chang'd my Mind.

(4.)

For, to evince the Love I bore
Does still the same remain,
I now commend thee as before,
And in the former Strain.

(5.)

Gay, like a comely Flock of Goats
On Gilead's stately Height,
Is thine adorning Hair, that notes
Thy Conversation bright.

(6.)

No brojder'd ornamental Hair,
That trims up mortal Clay,
Can parallel the Heav'nly Air
Of thy well-order'd Way.

Thy

(7.)

Thy Teeth the Bread of Life that eat,
And feed upon my Flesh,
Are Acts of Faith in Number great,
In Nature fair and fresh.

(8.)

Thine active Zeal, yet mild, does keep
A just Equality,
Like ev'nly rounded Flocks of Sheep
New past the Shearer's Eye.

(9.)

Thy Purity exceeds their Fleece
Washt in the Crystal Flood ;
Thy Fruits of Holiness and Peace
Outvie their num'rous Brood.

(10.)

There does not in the Flock appear
One barren, fruitless Womb :
But all by Twins their Offspring bear,
And bring them bleating home.

(11.)

Like 'Granates halv'd thy Temples fair
Within thy Locks appear,
While ruddy Blushes deck thy Pray'r
When none but God doth hear.

(12.)

Thou modest hid'st thy rosy Cheeks,
When Sins with Shame 'em flush :
Yet, thro' the Mask, thy Mein directs
Thy beauteous holy Blush.

Ver. 8. There are Threescore Queens, and Four-score Concubines, and Virgins without Number. Ver. 9. My Dove, my Undeiled is but one ; she is the only One of her Mother, she

R

is

A Paraphrase on

is the choice One of her that bare her : The Daughters saw her, and blessed her ; yea, the Queens and the Concubines, and they praised her.

(1.)

Thy Song gave me the chiefest Name
Among Ten thousand Heirs,
And thee the Fairest I proclaim
Among Ten thousand Fairs.

(2.)

Queens, Concubines and Virgins are
Unnumber'd, whom they call
Bright dazzling Beauties, charming fair ;
But thou excell'st them all.

(3.)

Most holy Souls (of high Descent)
Are Beauties most renown'd :
The Righteous is more excellent
Than all his Neighbours round.

(4.)

My spotless Dove as one I view,
Yea, all in one to me ;
Her Mother-church's Darling too,
And choicest Progeny.

(5.)

The Daughters, her professing Friends,
Beheld her Beauty great ;
And straight admir'd her in their Minds,
And blest her in the Gate.

(6.)

Yea, Queens and Damsels more renown'd
Did all to her give Place,
And with extolling Praises crown'd
Her comely shining Grace.

Ver.

Ver. 10. *Who is she that looketh forth as the Morning, fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun, and terrible as an Army with Banners?*

(1.)

- " Who's this (said they) so brightly springs
" like to the Morning-ray,
" That cleaves Night-shades with Silver Wings,
" To hasten the Golden Day?

(2.)

- " Much fairer than the gilded Moon
" Her Graces shine in Dress,
" And clearer than the Sun at Noon
" Her spotless Righteousness.

(3.)

- " Behold, in Love to Brats forlorn,
" What Wonders Heav'n performs!
" That does with Stateliness adorn
" Defil'd and lothsom Worms.

(4.)

- " By Armour which her Captain lends,
" Until her Warfare close,
" She's render'd helpful to her Friends,
" And hurtful to her Foes.

(5.)

- " Yea, while she does her Rank maintain,
" And cast her Arms abroad,
" Her Grace is awful toward Men,
" And pow'rful toward God.

Ver. 11. *I went down into the Garden of Nuts, to see the Fruits of the Valley, and to see whether the Vine flourished, and the Pomegranates budded.*

(1.)

With friendly Mind I hid my Face,
 Yet went not far away,
 Retiring but a little Space
 My Orchard to survey.

(2.)

I went but down to see anew
 My Garden of sweet Nuts,
 Within the shady Grove, and view
 The pleasant Valley-fruits:

(3.)

To notice round my labour'd Plain,
 If all was very good ;
 If tender Vines produc'd their Grain,
 And Pomegranates their Bud :

(4.)

If all the water'd flow'ry Plains
 Along the verdant Field
 Did Fruits, proportion'd to my Pains,
 Ev'n in my Absence yield.

(5.)

Into my Heart what Cheerfulness
 And Pleasure did it bring,
 To see the early Buds of Grace
 And Blossoms of the Spring ?

(6.)

I ravish'd saw my beauteous Bride
 Lament my Absence sore ;
 Nor could myself in Thickets hide
 From her a Moment more.

Ver. 12. *Or ever I was aware, my Soul * made
 me like the Chariots of Ammi-nadib.*

Such

* Or set me on the Chariots of my princely willing People.

(1.)

Such had my Bride's inviting Frame
Ev'n in my Absence been,
No longer could I hide the Flame
Of my Affections keen.

(2.)

Ravish'd, ere (in Effect) I knew,
My Bowels did me move;
Into her praying Arms I flew
On speedy Wings of Love.

(3.)

Sweet rapt'rous Passion rose in me,
But in a Divine Mode,
As far as Rapture can agree
Or Passion to a God.

(4.)

My fond Affections vehement
In Ways of Grace Divine,
All towards her intensely bent,
Pursu'd their Love-design.

(5.)

My *willing People* I provide
Bright Graces, *princely* Charms.
And in these fiery Chariots ride
With Speed into their Arms.

(6.)

Oil'd Wheels of Faith and warm Desire,
That make myself their Chase,
Fetch from mine Altar still more Fire
Of sweet surprising Grace.

(7.)

No Chariot of *Ammi-nadib*,
However swift or bright,
The heav'nly Rapture can describe
Of Love's delicious Flight.

(8.)

So rapid oft, tho' never rash,
 The Motions of my Grace,
 'Tween Heav'n and Earth, are like a Flash
 Of Lightning in a Trice.

Ver. 13. *Return, return, O Shulamite, return,
 return, that we may look upon thee: What
 will ye see in the Shulamite? as it were the
 Company of two Armies.*

(1.)

Love, in my Absence short, wast thou
 With Sin and Grief oppress'd?
 O blame thy faithless Heart, and now
 Return unto thy Rest.

(2.)

With Confidence and without Fear
 Thy Heav'nly Husband face,
 Who wills thee boldly to appear
 Before his Throne of Grace.

(3.)

The Heav'ns unite their Voice with mine
 Thy Heart-return to move:
 Allow thyself no more to whine,
 Suspicious of my Love.

(4.)

Return, O drooping *Shulamite*,
 In Haste return; for we
 Heav'n's TRINITY and Hosts unite
 With Joy to welcome thee.

(5.)

We want to see thee, at his Call
 Whose *Peace* thy Name adorns;
 He with his Saints and Angels all
 Will joy at thy Returns.

What

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(6.)

What, in the feeble *Shulamite*
What's to be seen? (you'll say)
Is struggling Grace a goodly Sight,
When Sin regains the Day?

(7.)

Nay, lo, my Bride (tho' apt she be
Herself to under-rate)
I, on the Field of Battle, see
In warlike Pomp and State.

(8.)

Behold, two Armies in her Camp,
The doubled Hosts of God;
Her Lovers charm, her Haters damp,
Her happy Triumph bode.



CHAP. VII.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 1. *How beautiful are thy Feet with Shoes,
O Prince's Daughter! The Joints of thy
Thighs are like Jewels, the Work of the
Hand of a cunning Workman.*

(1.)

FAIR Bride, I'll further yet extol
Thy Charms, so lovely in my Sight:
For I my new Creation whole
Still view with ravishing Delight.

How

(2.)

How noble is thy high Descent,
 Not sordid like the Sons of Earth?
 How does thy Gesture document
 Thy heav'nly and superior Birth?

(3.)

O Princess of the Royal Race!
 How bright thy Feet with golden Shoes
 Do sparkle, while thy Walk, thro' Grace,
 Becomes the glorious Gospel-news?

(4.)

The Steps of thy Affections clean,
 And outward Conversation fair,
 Display a heav'nly, royal Mein,
 A stately and majestic Air.

(5.)

The Joints, that Strength and Motion do
 To thy well-order'd Steps impart,
 Like orient Jewels burnish'd new,
 Speak holy Skill and curious Art.

(6.)

Thy stately Port in sacred Things
 Makes ev'ry Joint a Gem appear;
 While holy Principles and Springs
 Thine ev'nly Course of Duty steer.

*Ver. 2. Thy Navel is like a round Goblet,
 which wanteth not Liquor: Thy Belly is
 like an Heap of Wheat, set about with Lilies.*

(1.)

As is thy sparkling bright Aray
 Conform unto thy Pedigree;
 So with thy shining outward Way
 Thine inward Form and Frame agree.

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(2.)

A wretched Infant once thou wast,
Into the open Field cast out,
From native Blood and Stains unwasht,
Nor was thy Navel drest or cut.

(3.)

But now, how neat's thy gracious Form,
Well-nourish'd by a glorious Spring?
Since Grace took up the lothsom Worm,
And made thee quite another Thing.

(4.)

Thy Infant-brood to Ripeness grows,
Which natively thy Bowels feed,
Like to a Bowl that overflows
With Liquor suited to their Need.

5.

My Spirit is (to fill thy Cup,
And honour thee with rich Increase)
A Well of Water springing up
Within thee to immortal Blise.

6.

Thy fruitful Womb an Heap of Wheat
* Assimilates in pleasant Mode;
Thy royal Marriage makes thee meet
For bearing precious Fruit to God.

7.

Fruit deckt around with Flow'rs-de-luce,
With Graces of an active Vent;
A Product rich of Fruit for Use,
With beauteous Flow'rs for Ornament.

(8.)

Fair Zion's fertile Womb has Meat
For Babes of Grace; her Lily-brood;
And yields them plenteous Store of Wheat,
When ripe in Years, for solid Food.

S

Ver.

Resembles.

Ver. 3. *Thy two Breasts are like two young
Roes that are Twins* *.

(1.)

Thy Breasts of Love resemble Roes
That seem both young delightful Twins;
Such equal Care, thou (*Zion*) shows,
To feed thy Babes in sacred Inns.

(2.)

Thou op'nest frank a twofold Breast,
Two holy Test'ments and two Seals,
Which to thy Children yield a Feast
Of heav'nly Milk for daily Meals.

(3.)

Thine equal Breasts delightful feed
With congruous Milk of sweet Solace,
In just Proportion to the Need
Of all the little Babes of Grace.

(4.)

My Children dear nurs'd at thy Side
Thy warm and kindly Bowels show,
And plainly prove my beauteous Bride
To be a fruitful Mother too.

Ver. 4. † *Thy Neck is as a Tower of Ivory,
thine Eyes like the Fish-pools of Heshbon by
the Gate of Bath-rabbim. Thy Nose is as the
Tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward
Damascus.*

(1.)

Thy Neck of precious Faith excells
The brightest, fairest Iv'ry Tow'r;
It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
On high, upon the Rock of Pow'r.

Rais'd

* See Chap. iv. 5.

† See Chap. iv. 4.

(2.)

Rais'd and conspicuous, it attracts
All open Eyes, and Wonder breeds:
It stands renown'd for valiant Acts,
For strange Exploits, and mighty Deeds.

(3.)

No Iv'ry whiter than the Swan
Could ever match thy precious Faith:
No Tow'r with equal Boldness can
Defy the Gates of Hell and Death.

(4.)

Thine Eyes like to the clear Fish-pools
Of *Heshbon*, by *Bath-rabbim's* Gate,
Enlightned brightly, twit the Fools,
That hug blind Nature's dusky State.

(5.)

More clear than any Silver Brook,
Thy lucid Eyes of Knowledge trace
Hid Myst'ries in the sacred Book, (Grace.
The Height, Depth, Length and Breadth of

(6.)

But all conceal'd this Glory lies
From Men of Prudence, Sons of Pride,
Whose boasted Wit does blind their Eyes,
And Wisdom's Light with Scorn deride.

(7.)

Thy Nose of quick Sagacity
Like *Leb'non's* Tow'r does stately rise,
And with bold Look *Damascus* spy,
To face thy daring Enemies.

(8.)

Because they strong and subtile are,
Thou wisely keepst the Frontier-tow'r;
To smell their deep Designs afar,
And watch their Policy and Pow'r.

Ver. 5. *Thine Head upon thee is like || Carmel,
and the Hair of thine Head like Purple;* —

(1.)

Thy heav'nly Mind intelligent
Excels the wisest Heads on Earth,
While Aliens from thy high Descent,
And Strangers to thy heav'nly Birth.

(2.)

Thy lofty Head and stately Brow
Looks o'er the Hills to Heav'n above,
And scornful smiles on all below,
As base and worthless of thy Love.

(3.)

Thy Helmet and thy Head-piece is
Hope built upon atoning Blood:
High is thy Head extoll'd by this
'Bove ev'ry Foe, 'bove ev'ry Flood.

(4.)

Higher by far than *Carmel* Top,
The very Walls of Heaven to scale;
When thine advent'rous, soaring Hope
Its Entrance makes within the Vail.

(5.)

Th' Excellency of *Carmel* high
Can't match thy beauteous Crimson Head;
Its Hairs are of the Purple Dye
Which once thy loving Lord did bleed.

(6.)

Each Pin that holds thy Hair in Dress,
Each Glance without, each Grace within,
Speaks universal Stateliness;
Not one disorder'd Hair or Pin.

Each

|| Or *Crimson*.

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(7.)

Each holy Air around thy Face
So much its Beauty does enhance,
A Lustre shines in ev'ry Grace,
A pleasing Charm in ev'ry Glance.

—— *The King is * held in the Galleries.*

(1.)

To prove the Beauty ravishing
And Lustre of thy holy Dress;
How does it captivate the King,
And deep his Royal Heart impress!

(2.)

Jesus, the King of Kings renown'd,
Is straitly held within thine Arms,
In Gall'ries of his Grace, and bound
A willing Captive to thy Charms.

(3.)

The glorious and majestick One,
Whom Death nor Hell could e'er detain,
Is by thy pow'ful Graces won
And ty'd as with a mighty Chain.

(4.)

Strange Loveliness it is that sways
The sov'reign Regent of the Skies!
Constraining him to stay and gaze;
The Charms do so attract his Eyes.

(5.)

Bold with the King are Faith's Efforts;
How happy they the Conquest share!
Who win him to his sacred Courts,
And then have Pow'r to hold him there.

(6.)

Such is the Glory of his Grace,
He boasts of being overcome;

And

* Or bound.

A Paraphrase on
And feasts the Victor with Solace,
Who wrestling fought but for a Crumb.

Ver. 6. † *How fair and how pleasant art thou,
O Love, for Delights!*

(1.)

O Love, no Words can specify
Thy various Forms of Loveliness;
Delights of diverse Kinds in thee
I value more than I express.

(2.)

No Equal for Delights hast thou,
No Match for Beauty here below:
I call thee fair and pleasant too,
Because in Love I made thee so.

(3.)

My Love, thy outward Dress how fair!
Thy inner Frame how sweet to me!
My Righteousness and Graces are
The royal Robes I made for thee.

(4.)

All my laborious Life throughout
Was spent the Marriage-suit to spin,
That makes my Bride all fair without,
And hence all glorious too within.

Ver. 7. *This thy Stature is like to a Palm-tree,
and thy Breasts to Clusters of Grapes.*

(1.)

The sweet Proportion I observe
Of Graces fresh and fair in thee;
None from their proper Station Iwerve,
But act in lovely Harmony.

Thy

† *Or how art thou made fair.*

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(2.)

Thy Stature, like the Palm-tree firm,
Is stately, straight, robust and tall :
No Burden can the Flourish harm,
No Age the lasting Growth enthral.

(3.)

Thy Breasts of Love to me and mine,
Square to the glorious Gospel-plan,
Are like the Clusters full of Wine,
That Cheers the Heart of God and Man.

Ver. 8. *I said, I will go up to the Palm-tree,
I will take hold of the Boughs thereof : Now
also thy Breasts shall be as Clusters of the Vine,
and the smell of thy Nose like Apples ;*

(1.)

“ I will, said I, this Palm-tree climb,
“ This lovely Way and Walk approve,
“ And to my Bride in holy Trim
“ I'll manifest my special Love *.

(2.)

“ I'll apprehend, by saving Grace,
“ As kindly I decreed of old,
“ Her little Boughs, her tender Race,
“ And never quit the pleasing Hold.

(3.)

Lo, Heav'n shall then thy Breasts inspire,
As tumid Clusters fill'd with Wine :
My Presence shall thy Graces fire
Unto thy Heart's Content and mine.

(4.)

The Breath of Life thy Nostrils blow
Shall with a fragrant Scent abound ;
No sav'ry Apples e'er could throw
Such sweet and grateful Odours round.

Ver.

* John xiv, 21.

A Paraphrase on

Ver. 9. *And the Roof of thy Mouth like the best Wine, (for † my Beloved) that goeth down sweetly, causing the Lips of * those that are asleep to speak.*

(1.)

Thy Pallat drench'd with holy Love
Shall taste and drop the richest Wine :
So sweet thy Pray'rs and Praise shall prove
A chearing Feast to me and mine.

(2.)

I'll taste thy Chear, and speak it good,
Because thou wilt in upright Ways
Derive it from my Plenitude,
And then devote it to my Praise.

(3.)

Drops from the living Vine that stream
With pleasing Sweetness down will go ;
To make thy cold Affections flame,
Thy wither'd Graces live and grow.

(4.)

My Spirit's gen'rous Wine will make
The Old in Years renew their Days,
The Dead to live, the Dull to wake,
The Dumb to speak and sing my Praise.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. *I am my Beloved's, and his Desire is towards me.*

(1.)

Lo, how my loving Lord commends
Unworthy me, who blush to hear,
And Blood of Grapes from *Eschol* sends
My drooping Heart amain to chear.

I'm

† A Parenthesis of the Bride's, say some, * Or the Ancient.

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(2.)

I'm not mine own, but his I'll be
Whose Love has set my Heart on Fire,
And thus has fix'd on worthless me
His strongest conjugal Desire.

(3.)

What Line can this Love-ocean sound?
What Tongue its vast Dimensions tell?
Whose Height immense, and Depth profound,
Could purchase Heav'n and vanquish Hell.

*Ver. 11. Come, my Beloved, let us go forth in-
to the Field, let us lodge in the Villages.*

(1.)

Come, dearest Love, let us retire
From this vain cumb'ring Earth's annoy;
'That undisturb'd Communion near
We sweetly may alone enjoy.

(2.)

Well chuse some secret, lonely Place,
To vent our holy Joys the more;
And forage in the Field of Grace,
Until we feast above in Glorie.

(3.)

Thy Company such hidden Trains
Of Joy and Consolation brings;
That, pois'd with this, my Soul disdains
The airy Pomp of earthly Kings.

(4.)

In rural Villages below
Our Lodging let us take all Night,
Till dusky Shades of Sin and Wo
Be chas'd away by Glory's Light.

T

Ver.

Ver. 12. *Let us go up early to the Vineyards,
let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the
tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates
bud forth; there will I give thee my Loves.*

(1.)

Unto the Vineyards of thy Grace
Come, let us early, quickly go;
To see in this retiring Place
If all the heav'nly Planting grow.

(2.)

Come visit, Lord, thy sacred Ground,
See how thy royal Nurs'ries bear,
If Vines and Grapes and 'Granates round
The Fields, their flow'ry Raiment wear.

(3.)

O come along, thy Succour grant,
While I thy gracious Fruits review;
For at thy Presence ev'ry Plant
Will soon its beauteous Buds renew.

(4.)

The Vines their Blossom will resume,
The tender Grapes anon revive;
See how the 'Granates then will bloom,
And all the Graces spring and thrive.

(5.)

In these Retirements while I live,
Thy Presence I'll (thro' Grace) improve;
And joyful there I will thee give
The Tokens of my warmest Love.

(6.)

In Nearness sweet with thee apart
I'll dash all Idol-loves with Ire,
And wholly offer up my Heart
To thee in Flames of holy Fire.

Ver.

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Ver. 13. *The Mandrakes give a Smell, and at our Gates are all manner of pleasant Fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my Beloved.*

(1.)

Here, Lord, for thee the Garden's drest,
For thee the choice Provision spread :
Come then, vouchsafe with me to rest,
And lodge beneath the verdant Shade.

(2.)

The Mandrakes here, Love-fruits and Flow'rs,
Do spread their grateful Odours round ;
And at our very Gates sweet Stores
And various Fruits of Grace abound.

(3.)

Embracing Faith is here, to meet
My Lord whenever he appears ;
Repentance here, to wash his Feet
With trickling Floods of joyful Tears.

(4.)

Love, Joy, and all the heav'nly Train,
Old Fruits aray'd with new increase,
Laid up in Store to entertain
My Lord, the God of all my Grace.

(5.)

Come thou, to whom I all devote,
O Jesus, my beloved Lord ;
Lo, all that's from thy Fulness got
Is for thy Praise and Glory stor'd.

(6.)

'Tis thine to plant, and prune and dress ;
Thy Blessing makes the Garden grow :
In thee my All I still possess,
To thee my All I therefore owe.

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CHAP.



CHAP. VIII.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 1. *O that thou wert as my Brother, that sucked the Breasts of my Mother! When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee, yea, * I should not be despised.*

(1.)

SO sweet I find thy Divine Charms,
still more and more I bode;
And long to clasp within mine Arms
A whole incarnate God.

(2.)

O would thou as my Brother wert,
My Mother's sucking Child!
I'd kiss and hug thee in my Heart,
And should not be revil'd.

(3.)

Yea, in the op'nest, patent Place,
Without a Blush thro' Shame,
I would with joyful Arms embrace
The Babe of *Bethlehem*.

(4.)

Hell could reproach thy Church of old,
That lov'd a Child unborn:
But now *the Son* is giv'n, I'm bold
To love, and fear no Scorn.

To

* Heb. *They should not despise me.*

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(5.)

To him I'll give the highest Room
And joy beneath his Shade,
That deign'd to bless the Virgin's Womb,
And human Nature wed.

(6.)

My God's my Brother now in Dress ;
And if he would allow't,
Tho' Hell should mock my fond Carress,
I'd openly avow't.

*Ver. 2. I would lead thee, and bring thee into
my Mother's House, who would instruct me :
I would cause thee to drink of spiced Wine,
and of the Juice of my Pomegranate.*

(1.)

I would attend and usher thee
Into my Mother's Home ;
Then would her Courts instructive be,
For Light with Pow'r would come.

(2.)

Her Children would thy Glory see,
Did they thy Presence share :
And I for entertaining thee
Would bring my choicest Fare.

(3.)

To spiced Wine with 'Granates Juice
I would thee welcome make ;
And greatly would my Heart rejoice,
Wer't better for thy Sake.

(4.)

Well were the Feast bestow'd on thee ;
For thine my Graces are,
Who, when thou comes to feed with me,
Dost bring along the Fare.

Ver.

Ver. 3. *His left Hand || should be under my Head, and his right Hand shall embrace me* *.

(1.)

Lo, he descending from above,
In Answer to my Pray'r,
Enfolds me in his Arms of Love,
To shew his tender Care.

(2.)

His left Hand for my *Support* he
Beneath my Head does place ;
Then for my *Comfort* lends he me
His right Hand's soft Embrace.

(3.)

His Presence brings a Silver Show'r
Of Blessings from above ;
I'm closely guarded with his Pow'r,
And girded with his Love.

(4.)

For my *Solace* 'gainst Sin and Death,
I feel his Divine Charms ;
And, for my *Safety*, underneath
His everlasting Arms.

(5.)

O welcome blest and happy Hour
When he unvails his Face ;
I'm then supported by his Pow'r,
Comforted by his Grace.

Ver. 4. * *I charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, † that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, until he please.*

○

|| Or rather is. * See Chap. ii. 6.

* See these Words more largely spoken to, Chap. ii. 7. and
iii. 5. † Why should ye stir up, or why awake, &c.

the Song of Solomon.

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(1.)

O *Salem's* Daughters, now, I pray
And charge you, stand in Aw
T' awake my Love, or any Way
Provoke him to withdraw.

(2.)

This heav'nly Quiet marr not ye
With loud offensive Noise ;
Why should ye rob yourselves and me
Of such uncommon Joys?

(3.)

His Smiles are free, he comes and goes,
The happy Hour is this :
Why should ye prove such wretched Foes,
To interrupt the Bliss?

(4.)

My glorious Lord now rests within
Mine Arms of Faith and Love ;
I charge myself, my Heart, my Sin,
Not once to stir or move.

(5.)

While he allows his Visit sweet,
Let none his Rest annoy ;
O may I never grieve his Sp'rit,
Nor sin away my Joy.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 5. (*Who is this that cometh up from the
Wilderness leaning upon her Beloved?*) —

(1.)

What fair and lovely Bride is this !
Tho' prest with Griefs and Sins,
Yet, trav'ling from the Wilderness,
On her Beloved leans.

How

(2.)

How boldly does she in his Name
 And in his Strength go on,
 All other Righteousness disclaim,
 And mention his alone!

(3.)

His Wings bear up her Soul aloft,
 'Bove all that can molest:
 His Bosom is the Pillow soft
 On which her Head doth rest.

(4.)

Lo, how on his Almighty Arms
 She can her Cares unload;
 And march thro' all opposing Harms,
 Depending on her God.

(5.)

Her fir'd Affections upward tow'r,
 And, with a heav'nly Air,
 Contempt on earthly Glory pour,
 As far below her Care.

(6.)

Ascending from the Wilderness
 Of Sorrow, Sin and Thrall,
 And strongly bent for heav'nly Blis,
 She leaves the dusky Ball.

The CHURCH's Words.

—— I raised || thee up under the Apple-tree:
 there thy Mother brought thee forth, there
 she brought thee forth that bare thee.

(1.)

To Men's Applause with mighty Maze
 What small Regard is due?

But

|| Thee in the Heb. has the Mark of the Masculine Gender.

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But, Lord, with thee, who art my Praise,
Let me my Suit pursue.

(2)

Such sweet Experience, Lord, I had
Beneath the Apple-tree ;
Under thy Shadow still I'm glad
Alone to meet with thee.

(3.)

I rais'd thee up in secret Pray'r,
Thy joyful Help to yield :
For by thy Grace I wrestled there,
And by thy Grace prevail'd.

(4.)

Thy Mother too that brought thee forth
Hard trav'ling with Annoy,
There at her Son, her Saviour's Birth
Forgot her Pangs for Joy.

(5.)

The Saints beneath thy fruitful Shade
Thy beauteous Likeness wore ;
They that in Sorrow travail'd had,
In Joy thine Image bore.

(6.)

Thy Shadow thus to them and me
Such Pleasure does afford,
That more and more I long to see
Thy Glory there, O Lord.

Ver. 6. *Set me as a Seal upon thine Heart, as
a Seal upon thine Arm : —*

(1.)

Grant, Lord, my Name engrav'd may be
Upon thy Heart and Breast ;
And so insure thy Love to me,
My glorious God and Priest.

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(2.)

O let me stedfast as a Seal
 Upon thine Arm Divine,
 And by confirming Marks reveal
 Thy mighty Love is mine.

(3.)

Grant also, Lord, my Love to thee
 May firmly be impress'd:
 And let thy Name my Signet be
 Deep stamp'd upon my Breast.

(4.)

O may my Heart the Center prove
 Of thy Affections keen;
 Thy Heart the Center of my Love,
 And nought to intervene.

— For Love is strong as Death, Jealousy
 is cruel as the Grave: —

(1.)

Strong Wings of holy Love aloft
 Bear up my Soul afresh,
 Which in sweet Raptures dying soft
 Forgets the Clog of Flesh.

(2.)

While thus my Heart does mounting fly
 On this Seraphic Wing
 In Love to thee, I kindly dy
 To ev'ry mortal Thing.

(3.)

As thy strong Love, O Lord, to me
 Could conquer Death and Dread;
 So does my ardent Love to thee
 The Pow'r of Death exceed.

the Song of Solomon.

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(4.)

It kills me, Lord ; I can't resist
This strong Desire of mine :
If not with Satisfaction blest,
To Death, to Death I pine.

(5.)

Admit me, Lord, into thy Heart,
Lest my Heart jealous be
That either thine from me depart,
Or mine depart from thee.

(6.)

Such Jealousy would fore torment
And torture me to Death ;
Like the devouring Grave, intent
To stop my vital Breath.

— *The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire,
which hath a most vehement Flame.*

(1.)

These jealous Flames will quite consume
My Soul, like burning Fire ;
Unless thy loving Answer come
To suit my Heart's Desire.

(2.)

My flaming Heart does melt afresh,
If thou depart i' th' least ;
Mine ardent Zeal eats up my Flesh,
Love-sickness pains my Breast.

(3.)

The Sparks of fervid Love ascend
Like mounting Flames on high ;
With veh'ment Force they heav'n-ward bend,
And pierce the azure Sky.

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(4.)

O let thy Bowels, Lord, be mov'd
 To grant my Heart's Desire:
 I'd rather die than not be lov'd,
 My Heart is all on Fire.

*Ver. 7. Many Waters cannot quench Love,
 neither can the Floods drown it: If a Man
 would give all the Substance of his House for
 Love, it would utterly be contemned.*

(1.)

No Waves could quench thy Love, which sat
 As King upon the Flood
 Of rolling Vengeance vastly great,
 And on a Sea of Blood.

(2.)

'Thus nor can many Waters drown
 My flaming Love to thee,
 Nor Torrents of Turmoil bear down
 The Zeal that burns in me.

(3.)

In vain by Flat'ries or by Fears
 Do Hell and Earth combine
 To quench the Fire of Love, that bears
 A Stamp so much Divine.

(4.)

Desertion black, nor Dev'l, nor Man,
 Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea,
 Nor Life, nor Death, nor Angels can
 Divorce my Love from thee.

(5.)

Were Wealth to bribe my Love, I could
 The Golden Bait disdain,
 Like despicable Dung that would
 Invade my Heart in vain.

I cast

(6.)

I cast Contempt on Suiters all
That dare compete with thee,
And value Thrones no more than Thrall,
Should they thy Rivals be.

Ver. 8. *We have a little Sister, and she hath
no Breasts: What shall we do for our Sister,
in the Day when she shall be spoken for?*

(1.)

Since now, dear Lord, our mutual Love
Is thus so deep imprest;
May I this Access sweet improve,
That others may be blest.

(2.)

Our little Sister, Lord, to wit,
A barren *Gentile Race*,
With all uncall'd, unfav'd as yet,
Tho' chosen by thy Grace:

(3.)

She little Knowledge hath, we see,
No fashion'd Breasts of Love,
No Principle of Grace from thee,
Nor Nurture from above.

(4.)

No Breasts of Consolation sweet,
No Word, no Means of Grace,
No warm Milk of Instruction meet
To feed her starving Race.

(5.)

What shall be done for her, I pray,
And for her Progeny,
When they shall on the Marriage-day
Be call'd to match with thee?

What

(6.)

What for our Sister-Church to come,
Which *Jews* or *Greeks* shall hatch ;
To bring her to the Marriage-room,
And carry on the Match ?

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 9. *If she be a Wall, we will build upon
her a Palace of Silver ; and if she be a Door,
we will inclose her with Boards of Cedar.*

(1.)

Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do
With this our Sister dear,
When by the Gospel-call I woo
And speak into her Ear.

(2.)

If once the good Work were begun,
As by my Grace it shall ;
And she by Faith on me alone
Built like a Brazen Wall :

(3.)

We'll make the Wall a Work compleat,
A Silver Palace fair *,
A Temple for my holy Spir't
To dwell for ever there.

(4.)

If once I make her Heart a Door
Wide ope to take me in ;
We'll as with Cedar-boards secure
And strengthen her within.

(5.)

We Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will frame, advance and crown

The

* *Psal.* cxliv. 12.

The happy Building, at our Cost,
Which Hell shall ne'er pull down.

(6.)

Ev'n outcast *Gentiles* base, at length
The wond'ring World shall see
In num'rous Issue, Beauty, Strength
And Grandeur rival thee.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. *I am a Wall, and my Breasts like
Towers: Then was I in his Eyes as one that
found Favour.*

(1.)

Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear
Thy Promise made to me,
For Elect Sister-churches dear?
I roll their Care on thee.

(2.)

My sweet Experience clears thou wilt
Thus kindly deal with them;
For I'm a Wall most firmly built
And rear'd upon thy Name.

(3.)

Thou mak'st my Breasts of Graces grow
like Iv'ry Tow'rs so high;
I trust what Love to me dost show,
To them thou won't deny.

(4.)

When Grace my Unbelief destroy'd,
And on my Rock me fix'd,
Thy Favour then my Soul enjoy'd,
With sweet Love-tokens mix'd.

Then

(5.)

Then did my Life's Deportment shew
Thine Image on my Heart ;
And thou thyself with Pleasure view
The Grace thou didst impart.

(6.)

I'm joyful when to Mind I do
These happy Days recall :
By Grace was I built up, and so
My little Sister shall.

Ver. 11. Solomon *had a Vineyard at Baal-hamon,*
he let out the Vineyard unto Keepers: Every
one for the Fruit thereof was to bring a thou-
sand Pieces of Silver.

(1.)

Another Object of my Care,
Beside our Sister dear,
Is likewise, Lord, thy Vineyard fair,
Already planted here.

(2.)

Our Solomon, the Prince of Peace,
A Vineyard did possess,
And to a Multitude did lease
And let it out to dress.

(3.)

At *Baal-hamon*, where he plants
Upon a fruitful Soil,
And Servants with Commission grants
To keep it from Turmoil.

(4.)

He takes the Care in chief, but they
An Under-trust maintain ;
He wakes and keeps it Night and Day,
Else Watchmen watch in vain.

From

(5.)

From ev'ry Servant there employ'd
He still requires the Rent
Of Praise, for what they have enjoy'd
And work to his Content.

(6.)

Each one for Fruit that he assigns
Proportion'd Tribute brings,
And renders for a thousand Vines
A thousand Silverlings *.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 12. *My Vineyard, which is mine, is before me : ———*

(1.)

My Vineyard, Love, the Object is
Of my peculiar Care ;
My Heart and Eye is fix'd on this
More close than anywhere.

(2.)

'Tis mine by special Right and Grant,
By Blood and Conquest too ;
The State and Case of ev'ry Plant
Is always in my View.

(3.)

My Vineyard in my Bosom set
Has therein such a Room,
A Woman sooner can forget
The Infant of her Womb.

(4.)

Tho' Nature should her Frame desert,
And Mothers Monsters prove ;

¶

X

Yet

* Isa. vii. 23.

The CHURCH's Words.

— *Thou, O Solomon, must have a Thousand; and those that keep the Fruit thereof, Two hundred.*

(1.)

True, Lord, the Vineyard is thine own,
 The Charge is chiefly thine;
 Yet under thee, thou hast made known,
 The Charge is also mine *.

(2.)

This Vineyard of mine own, alas!
 Of late I did neglect;
 But now I will the Trust (thro' Grace)
 More carefully inspect.

(3.)

My Graces, Talents, Time, and all
 That I receive from thee,
 To husband for thy Service, shall
 Be always in mine Eye.

(4.)

The Fruits of Gratitude I'll bring,
 Which unto thee I owe:
 The Vineyard's Revenue, O King,
 Belongs to thee, I know.

(5.)

To thee a Thousand Fold pertains;
 And when thou gett'st thy Due,

To

* The preceding Part of this Verse, tho' already explain'd and apply'd to Christ, yet being reckoned by some to be the Church's Words, are here also resumed as hers.

the Song of Solomon.

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To Under-keepers for their Pains
Two hundred shall accrue.

(6.)

Tho' none that labour in thy Name
Shall of thy Praise partake;
Yet what Respect is due to them
I'll render for thy Sake.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 13. *Thou that dwellest in the Gardens, the
Companions hearken to thy Voice: † Cause
me to hear it.*

(1.)

O thou my Bride, that lov'st to haunt
The Gardens of my Grace,
And solemn Inns where ev'ry Saint
Delights to see my Face;

(2.)

I'm pleas'd thou careful' keep for me
The Orchards of my Love,
Until thy nobler Mansion be
The Paradise above.

(3.)

The Saints, all thy Companions dear
To social Worship bent,
Are glad thy graceful Words to hear,
And to thy Voice intent.

(4.)

Take this Occasion in thy Walk
To *cause me to be heard*;
Make me the Subject of thy Talk,
My Name to be rever'd.

And

† *Or cause me to be heard.*

(5.)

And while they to thy Voice give Ear,
Cause me to hear it too,
 By flying Posts of frequent Pray'r :
 Full Freedom I allow.

(6.)

I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,
 Until the parting Skreen
 And Range of Hills 'twixt thee and me
 No more shall intervene.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 14. * *Make Haste, my Beloved and be thou
 like to a Roe or to a young Hart upon the
 Mountains of Spices.*

(1.)

Ah Lord, Communion with thee now
 Is sweet, but quickly o'er:
 We must not part, but with a View
 To meet again in Glore.

(2.)

Mean Time, let still fresh News from thee
 (My Soul from Sloth to purge)
 Effect thy hearing oft from me,
 As thou art pleas'd to urge.

(3.)

But O make Haste to bring me home
 To that delicious Place,
 Where Fears and Doubts can never come,
 Nor Clouds to vail thy Face.

(4.)

Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
 On speedy Wings of Love:

I lan-

* Heb. Fly away.

the Song of Solomon.

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I languish while I lin below,
And long to ling above.

(5.)

'Tis good indeed to taste thy Grace
In Gardens here below ;
But better far to see thy Face
Above, where Spices flow.

(6.)

These balmy Heights thy Glory fills
Till the refreshing Day :
But halte, my Love, upon the Hills ;
Love cannot bear Delay.

(7.)

Thy second Coming must be dear,
O my Belov'd, to me ;
For, when thou shalt with Clouds appear,
I'll then be like to thee.

(8.)

Thy Foes that awful Day may hate
And view with fearful Grudge ;
But, free of Dread, I long, I wait :
My Love will be my Judge.

(9.)

I ardent pant with restless Eyes
To see thee Face to Face :
No less than Glory can suffice
The Appetite of Grace.

(10.)

My Months are Ages of Delay,
Each Minute slowly wears ;
Till thy sweet Chariot roll away
These Rounds of tedious Years.

No

(11.)

No Balsom can remede my Sore,
 Till Jesus from on high
 Shall cleave the starry Plains, and o'er
 The Crystal Mountains fly.

(12.)

Roll Days and Years out of the Way
 Between my Soul and thee.
 O haste the Consumation-day;
 Amen, so let it be.

F I N I S.



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